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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Politics, Literature, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

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Publication Office, 208 Broadway.

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Fifteen cents per agate line, each insertion; 14 lines to the inch.

Twenty per cent. advance for choice of page or top of column.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Sulloway's proposed Service Pension bill is practically a plan to reward all survivors of the civil war. It matters nothing whether a soldier served on the Indian frontier or in a fort in Boston harbor—so long as he wore the blue for three months he shall draw $8 a month on reaching the age of sixty-two, precisely as will his brother who helped to beat back Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He may have belonged to the cowardly regiments which refused to serve in the battle of Bull Run because their enlistment expired the night before—it makes no difference. To plunge his hands into the Treasury every one is invited—"rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief"; nor is the "old soldier's" widow forgotten. She, too, shall have $12 a month where she draws but $8 now, provided her marriage certificate is dated prior to January 1, 1870. But why this discrimination? If there are to be no differences among soldiers, let us have no finical distinctions between widows. The worst of all this is not so much the menace to the Treasury as the fact that it is a leap into the dark, at what price no one knows or can know. It undermines the public morality; it makes of patriotism a commodity to be bartered; it makes the people look upon the Treasury as an institution to be milked, and upon the Government as a money-making institution for their benefit.

The President has let it be known that he favors the Service Pension bill. That it is little short of loot, there are few to deny. The Grand Army has craftily got up the scheme; descends upon the President with it at the psychological moment when even a few veterans' votes—the "cheap numerosity of a stage army"—would come in handy; and the President throws economy and consistency to the dogs and arrays himself with the raiders on the Treasury. This is doubly a betrayal, coming as it does on top of his preachments, in his annual message, about impending deficits in the national finances, and the need of careful scrutiny of every expenditure. Economy and a $60,000,000 largess! With the whole country forced to retrench, the President bids the pension-grabbers help themselves. This is to fail in one of the first duties of his office. Another is that of withstanding the assaults of politicians upon the public service; but in the stress of his campaign for renomination, he is reported to be letting the spoilsmen have their way in too many places. Indeed, in his present nervous and credulous condition, it is not strange that he is the easy prey of designing men.

We think the Republican Senators were quite right on Friday in standing for the President's discretion in publishing diplomatic correspondence. The phrase, "if not incompatible with the public interest," has nearly always been inserted in resolutions calling upon the Executive for information, and should be retained. Diplomacy cannot be conducted by town-meeting. And, of course, it is not to be imagined that Mr. Roosevelt would hold back anything vital; he has, in fact, been ready to give out more than Secretary Hay thought expedient. Still, it is well to have a formal demand made by the Senate. It may lead to a more careful searching of the files. Only the other day, for example, Mr. Hay sent Senator Gorman an important note of his own which he had overlooked. Most important of all is it for the Senate and the country to be informed of the negotiations which the President has been carrying on during the past few weeks in his efforts to make reparation to Colombia. It is an open secret, as Senator Bacon said on Friday, that various plans have been put forward. Mr. Roosevelt is thought to have favored them successively, but his political advisers have warned him that he must do nothing which could be tortured into an "admission." That, however, is to stick in the bark. It is for the Administration to find a satisfactory and honorable way out of the Panama muddle. That should be a condition precedent to ratification of the treaty. The Democrats in the Senate could do no better than adopt the motto of the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, "Reparation before ratification."

Senator Foraker's proposed amendment of the Anti-Trust law of 1890 can hardly be said to be in the way of speedy discussion and enactment, even if favored personally by the majority of Congressmen. No party about to enter upon a Presidential campaign would voluntarily incur the charge that it was weakening the safeguards against monopoly; and such a charge, rightly or wrongly, would without doubt be made. That the Anti-Trust law is open to amendment, few people familiar with its origin and history have doubted. Such uneasiness as has been excited in the financial community at large by the litigation under the Act of 1890, has been caused less by the actual cases before the court than by uncertainty as to how much further the law's prohibitions could be carried. This has been particularly true since the sweeping opinion of the United States Circuit Court in the Northern Securities case last April. The value of the law as it stands, in checking the abuses of company amalgamation and stock watering, which had already gone to the most dangerous extreme, is now conceded by all clear thinkers; but the same people acknowledge that the scope of the prohibitory provisions ought to be more plainly defined. The plan embodied in Senator Foraker's amendment—that the penalties of the law be restricted to cases adjudged by the court to be "unreasonable" restraint of trade—has been suggested as a possible solution by Attorney-General Knox himself, who has just given notice that the Senator has not the support of the Administration.

The Senate attempted on Wednesday week to be generous to our nondescript fellow-citizens of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and then thought better of it. A bill conferring the right of naturalization upon the islanders was actually passed, but suspended by Senator Spooner's motion to reconsider. It was pointed out that, as things now stand, aliens are in a better position than our colonial dependents. Foreigners of all sorts, not expressly excepted by treaty, may become American citizens; the inhabitants of our new possessions have no such right. How can we expect loyalty when we deny them the title *civis Americanus?* It is awkward, naturally, to take in too many of the brown and yellow people now ours to govern, but it is an awkwardness that should frankly be grappled with. It lies in the nature of the case. By the recent decision of the Supreme Court our "nationals" have full rights of entry and residence in the United States. We cannot physically exclude them. Why, then, should we not freely grant them political rights? It is a case for generosity, and if the cost of it seem excessive, the remedy is simple. You can always put an end to a benefaction by getting rid of the beneficiary.

Mr. John S. Williams's "stand-pat" speech of January 21 was much more noteworthy than the press dispatches at the time indicated. It stamps the Democratic leader of the House as a debater of remarkably tough fibre, as one who has both his facts and his wits under perfect control. He placed his Republican antagonists in the attitude commonly known as that of a "stuck pig"; having put the knife into them up to the hilt, he proceeded to turn the handle. His purpose was to make his op-

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ponents tell him why, if they were "standing pat" on everything, they did not "stand pat" on coal; that is, why they did not give the country another year of the rebate on the duty on coal? Was it because they were afraid to hurt the feelings of the coal magnates, lest they might stop their campaign contributions? Was it because the latter intimated that "they would not rustle at the election unless you showed a nestling disposition before the election?" In a pitiless manner, Mr. Williams read the testimony of one coal dealer after another that the duty on foreign coal was paid, before the repeal last year, by the American purchasers, and, of course, added to the price—they knew it from experience. And in the same irrefutable manner he showed that, on repeal, the price dropped almost commensurately with the duty and a lowering in freight rates that occurred about the same time. It was one of the neatest demonstrations on record that the consumer pays the tax. The "stand-patters" are certainly not standing pat for the industries of New England. But Mr. Williams loves to remind them of a year ago, when "you flinched like cowards, and did what you did not want to do."

Hope springs eternal in the artistic breast, or nobody would be discussing the chances of removing the absurd duty on works of art. In that matter a stand-pat Congress is impervious to conviction. Yet it is an advantage to have Congressman Lovering's bill, though it merely adorn a page of the *Congressional Record* and never escape from committee. It is a compromise measure: all objects of art fifty years old or more are to be put on the free list; more recent works of art are to be taxed under the present schedule. The retention of the duty in the latter case is a concession to dealers who fear a depreciation in the value of paintings upon which duty has already been paid. Artists are almost without exception for putting all works of art on the free list. So we have the curious spectacle of a bill which none of the interested parties oppose, but all commend, suppressed in deference to the general principle of no surrender to tariff reformers. Virtually, Congress tells the artists, "You ought to wish to be protected, and, anyway, you shall be protected." So long as there sits in Washington a Congress firmly convinced that all imports are an evil, and ignorant of the positive benefits of the importation of fine works of art, there will be no change. We agree thoroughly with the eminent painter who despairs of this reform until the tariff is revised as a whole. But we welcome, meanwhile, all agitation that puts the present system so manifestly in the wrong.

The new watchdog of the Treasury is barking unusually loud. He is making as much noise as if he thought the Treasury was actually being burglarized. Possibly, he has the Service Pension jimmy in mind; in any case, the estimates which Chairman Hemenway of the Appropriations Committee presented to the House on January 26 must have been a shock to his party associates. Why, it was not long ago that the Secretary of the Treasury told the country that we should have a deficit of only $23,000,000 at the close of the next fiscal year; but here is Mr. Hemenway rising up and asserting that, if we don't look out, there will be a deficit of $42,000,000. And the worst of it is, he is not indulging in glittering generalities; he puts the items all down, foots them up, and makes you see it all with your own eyes. It would have been bad enough for the Republican party to go into a Presidential campaign with the charge against it of planning for a deficit in 1905 of $23,000,000; but when, on mature deliberation, the party decides to make it almost twice that sum, it begins to look like a case of suicidal mania. To aggravate the situation, Mr. Hemenway shows that the surplus reserve of $224,000,000 is largely hypothetical. If all the money appropriated so far were paid, there would be only $93,000,000 left, the smallest amount since Mr. McKinley's first election. Evidently, if Speaker Cannon was anxious to get the right man for the right place, he made no mistake in selecting Mr. Hemenway to watch over the Treasury. His estimates are a hard saying; but one comforting assurance can be drawn from them—they leave no room for the service-pension looting.

Common sense characterizes Secretary Shaw's interpretation of the $100 clause applying to travellers from Europe. Hitherto, the customs examination has been in the nature of a petty inquisition. Theoretically, at least, trinkets intended for presents were solemnly assessed and taxed, and the allowance of $100 was confined to objects for the passenger's personal use. Of course, there was evasion of the law, but the worst feature of it was the triviality of the entire proceeding. But now "bad Americans" who take money out of the country may fearlessly bring in one hundred dollars' worth of souvenirs of their trip. The restriction is absurd in itself, for the imposition of this small personal tax on travellers exceeding the limit brings no returns commensurate to the cost of collection. But Secretary Shaw should receive the thanks of bad and good Americans alike for making a ridiculous law as little burdensome as possible.

It is hard for Democrats to take advice of any sort from Mr. Bryan. Yet he unquestionably serves his party well when he bids it appeal primarily to the plain people. He is right, too, in urging the old issue of tariff reduction, for nearly all vaguely anti-capitalistic policies—and the air is full of them—reduce themselves in practice to striking at the unfair advantages enjoyed by the protected interests. Had the iron and steel duties been repealed ten years ago, we should have had either no Steel Trust or one capitalized on a rational basis. People are beginning to realize these things, and, besides, the pinch of hard times is a striking reminder that even tariffs are not sure bulwarks of prosperity. The time is opportune to press the issue. Mr. J. S. Williams has already done good service, in Congress, by seizing every occasion to expose the iniquities of the Dingley tariff. In so far, Mr. Bryan speaks as the friend of his party, but when he revives his dear heresy of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, he does an even more valuable service. He shows that he must be cast aside before the party can be restored to health. For he holds this twice discredited *idée fixe* as of equal importance with the central doctrines of Democratic policy. The task for genuine Democrats is no longer to work with him, but to get rid of him once for all.

Naturally, the Yale query concerning the Panama negotiations has called forth a counter petition. We have no desire to weigh the petitions competitively—to determine, for example, the ponderable difference between so many professors of international law and so many professors of art; but we feel constrained to say that it is unlucky that the two petitions are not more definitely antithetic. They do not even cover the same point at issue. The first petition, it will be remembered, made no charge of any sort; it merely raised a doubt as to the propriety of the steps leading to the recognition of the Republic of Panama, and asked for an inquiry. The second petition does not consider any matters antecedent to that recognition, which it merely asserts to be "justifiable." But these preliminaries are the nub of the business. The recognition of Panama was an improper exercise of legal discretion. The real moral issues are: (1) How far was the President's foreknowledge of the coming revolt a legitimate weapon to use against a friendly Power; (2) What right had Bunau-Varilla to represent the President as morally a participator in his plottings; and (3) Does either international law or ordinary morals justify the "fifty-mile order," which prevented Colombia from exercising her right to defend a threatened sovereignty? Not all the professors who ever walked in Chapel Street could make the simple asseveration "justifiable" cover questions of this gravity.

The mild, obliging Panameños will

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probably insert in their Constitution a clause to this purport: "Should public peace or Constitutional order be disturbed in any part of the Republic of Panama, the Government of the United States may intervene to restore peace or order." This self-denying ordinance—for disturbing "the Constitutional order" has been one of the favorate recreations of the Isthmus—evinces humility very becoming in so young a nation. Obviously, rather few prerogatives of nationality inhere in a state which delegates a contingent police power to a neighbor some thousand miles away. But these truly republican allies of ours are not without guile. Their admission of our permanent right of intervention is conditioned upon our guaranteeing the independence and sovereignty of "this republic." Our Isthmian wards do not mean that their own treaty shall be read against them, as was that of 1846 against the Colombians. Evidently, the Panameños are shy of a treaty which "runs with the land," and intend that we shall be under contract, not to their acreage, but to themselves. A sardonic feature of the whole negotiation is that the thrifty Isthmians bargain at much better advantage than we, their lords and masters. They get $10,000,000 merely to prove that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have played the diplomatic game by the rules; they are likely to secure the most explicit guarantees of their sovereignty, while we assume the embarrassing duties of a protectorate which is in all but name and title a proprietorship.

The unlisting of the securities of the Steel Foundries Company almost simultaneously with the conviction of Whitaker Wright was purely a coincidence, but the occurrence is all the more impressing on that account. The avenging spirit of the whole English-speaking race has been roused against the dishonest promoter. The New York Stock Exchange states that the securities of the American Steel Foundries Company were dropped from the list because of misrepresentations by the company to the Exchange at the time of listing. The company now explains that the cash and cash assets were overstated by $500,000—that is, the balance sheet was padded by that amount. "Window-dressing" was a common occurrence with the Steel Foundries crowd. A part of the same coterie was behind the Shipbuilding Company. Their own evidence at the recent hearings showed that the latter company had falsely stated to the Exchange its earnings, both before and after consolidation; that it had represented its working capital as $1,892,317, whereas it owned nothing at all; and that $1,500,000 of cash had been entered on its books, but that this had been borrowed. The reason why the Exchange has taken no action against the Shipbuilding Company may be that no one is now buying its securities. The Exchange is to be commended for its drastic action against the Steel Foundries Company; but why is it that so many horses have to be stolen before the proper custodians close the barn doors? And why it is that a concern like Steel Foundries is thrown from the list, while an absolutely blind pool like Amalgamated Copper is allowed to retain its footing there?

The British Government's decision to accept three suggestions of the Esher Army Commission, and to put them into practice without waiting for the formal consent of Parliament, bears the aspect of a genuine desire for reform. The changes are directly in line with some of our own recent reforms. For instance, the commander-in-chief, as purely titular and ineffective a chief as our former "commanding general," is to give way to an inspector-general, whose sole function is to be to report upon facts "without expressing opinions on policies." We wish that a similar admirable definition of duty might be impressed upon our talkative generals, General Staff, and obstreperous navy boards. The new British army council is, of course, to be a "general staff" modelled after the German institution, although on totally different lines. Its individual members are to be responsible for different branches, such as ordnance, supply, finance, etc., and stress is laid upon the appointment of military men to this council who shall not have been 'hitherto closely connected with existing methods." Furthermore, the report urges decentralization of the authority which has gradually been accumulated at the Horse Guards, and the complete divorce of the administrative and executive functions in the War Office. It urges that the Secretary of State for War be made as responsible to Parliament as is the First Lord of the Admiralty. Finally, the Commission demands "a complete breach with the past." This is radical enough, and if the Government will carry through all the reforms in earnest and appoint able men to the national-defence committee, as great an advance will have been made in the British service as in our own since 1899.

Parliament met on Tuesday just after the Government loss of another seat, in a bye-election, thanks to Chamberlain. The general conviction that an early dissolution would mean a Conservative defeat, will aid Mr. Balfour in sparring for more time. Many of his following will vote him confidence simply because they know that, if there is an appeal to the country, they will never come back to the Commons. Still, the Premier's prestige has been terribly shattered, and there is no telling what may happen in the reigning confusion of parties. The best judges hold that a dissolution cannot be deferred, at longest, beyond midsummer. Meanwhile, it is every day becoming clearer that the Irish members are likely to hold the balance of power. As it is, they have Mr. Balfour's Government in the hollow of their hand. If he does not pay them their price—we mean it in a good sense; what they want now is a Catholic University for Ireland—out he goes. After a general election, they count upon being even more securely in command. Yet, as T. W. Russell has lately said, it does not follow that the Irish will refuse to deal with Chamberlain. They would insist upon Home Rule as the only cement of the pact; but why, asks Mr. Russell bitterly, "should not Mr. Chamberlain change his mind upon this as he has done upon almost every other question?" He adds his belief that the bargain will be struck. "Before the twentieth century has run its first decade, the Union may be destroyed by the Unionist party. And who is there among the Unionists who will not say that they have been served right?"

If Lieut. Bilse's book, 'From a Small Garrison,' is a pure libel upon the German army, as some would have us believe, the Berlin cable service must be in the hands of his personal friends and adherents. Last week's news, for instance, sounds like a summary of the offending volume. On Tuesday came an account of the killing of a Saxon lieutenant by a brother officer whose family honor had been betrayed—the same reason which recently led another lieutenant in Pirna to fight nine others of his regiment in succession—and not at Forbach! In Dresden on the same day the officer who fought a duel with the well-known novelist, George von Ompteda, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had eloped with the novelist's wife. On Thursday we had the dismissal of a major who, to express his dissatisfaction with the new uniform changes, had ordered green military gloves for himself and a helmet with an electric light on it. A serious loss for the army was the voluntary retirement of Gen. Kolmar von der Goltz, well known to the military world as Von der Goltz Pasha, to whose abilities was due the remarkable showing, in the war with Greece, of the Turkish troops he had reorganized and drilled. An accomplished writer of military history and text-books, and accustomed to speak freely about the reforms he thought necessary, he handed in his application for retirement as soon as he heard of the Emperor's recent remark that he did not wish his officers "to play with pen and ink." Naturally, the French newspapers see in all this the downfall of the German army.

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FOR A SILVER TRUST.

A document of formidable size has just issued from the Government Printing-Office, entitled, 'Stability of International Exchange.' Its contents are more than surprising. An introductory chapter was given to the public last October, as a report on the introduction of the "gold-exchange standard" into China and other silver-using countries. It was signed by Hugh H. Hanna, Charles A. Conant, and Jeremiah W. Jenks, commissioners. The new document has a preface by the latter, and contains also the text of the communications which passed between these visiting commissioners and certain foreigners last year. There were also three commissioners from Mexico in the visiting party. In fact, the whole scheme started in Mexico. It was set on foot in Washington by Mr. Enrique C. Creel, a banker of that country, who also held a leading position in the so-called conferences abroad.

The communications of the visiting commissioners to foreign governments were of two kinds: first, for doctoring the monetary system of China; second, for inducing the nations of Europe and America to purchase 96,000,000 ounces of silver yearly, and to consent to the formation of a silver Trust for handling the world's output of that metal. The former project has perhaps received all needful attention in previous articles in this paper. The latter is quite a new revelation, the allusions to it, in the preliminary report of last October, having been so extremely vague that nobody could have imagined what the real facts were. The truth is, that this report supplies William J. Bryan with the material for a fresh campaign in behalf of silver, and commits President Roosevelt to "doing something" for that metal. That is a fair inference from his official request that Congress appropriate $100,000 to carry on the project. We are loath to suppose that he signed this paper without being aware of its contents.

In communicating with foreign governments, the two commissions acted sometimes separately, sometimes jointly, and sometimes by endorsing each other's separate action. Among the papers printed is a document "handed in June 10, 1903," by the Mexican Commission to the British Commissioners, containing suggestions for yearly purchases of silver bullion by the several governments. The allotment to Great Britain is 30,000,000 ounces, mostly for her East Indian possessions; France, 7,000,000 ounces; the United States, 6,000,000 ounces for subsidiary coinage, and 10,000,000 ounces for the Philippines; China, 18,000,000 ounces, and so on, the total being 96,000,000 ounces per year. It was suggested also in this paper that the purchases should be made by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and such other banks as might be agreed upon, at the rate of 8,000,000 ounces per month at a commission of one per cent., and that the agreement be made for six years. This astonishing proposal is virtually supported by the United States Commissioners in an argument of six pages. They suggest that the sales should be made by a consolidation of four existing combines. "On account of the combination among the smelters and other large sellers at the present time," runs the argument of the United States Commissioners, "four great firms are able to control a large percentage of this 110,000,000 ounces [the amount coming to the London market yearly], and there is every reason to believe that, within a year, practically *this entire amount can be handled, if it seems desirable, by one seller.*" It is evidently the opinion of the signers of the paper that such a combination would be desirable. "There is every reason to believe," however, that it would be in conflict with the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

The British representatives made no reply whatever to the voluminous arguments addressed to them, but on the 18th of June they "handed in" a short paper declaring their belief in the virtues of the gold standard (not the "gold-exchange standard") for silver-using countries, including China, "as soon as practicable." They thought the coinage ratio of such countries should be about 32 to 1, "if there are no further serious changes in the price of silver bullion." The suggestion for joint action in the purchase of silver bullion was rejected, and a few words were added in favor of regularity of purchase by each government for actual coinage purposes, subject to its monetary policy and convenience. To this paper the United States and the Mexican Commissioners attached their names also. The last name in the Mexican list is that of "Edward Brush, Technical Counsellor." Mr. Brush is, we believe, Secretary of the Kansas City Consolidated Smelting and Refining Company, and is doubtless well qualified to manage an international Silver Trust if one should be formed.

The Commission on Stability had even less success in Paris. The committee appointed by the French Minister of Finance to receive the communications made no answer. They did, however, make a report to their own chief. It begins by saying that the meeting at no time bore the character of a *véritable conférence*, and that it was distinctly understood that no report *(procès verbal)* should be drawn up. They then proceed to demolish the positions taken by the American and Mexican Commissioners, on economic grounds, and especially the one in reference to regular purchases of silver by the governments. "In order to maintain the commercial quotations of silver," they say, "the producing countries invite the consuming countries to give regularity to the demand, while they declare themselves unable to give regularity to the supply"—a proposition "the unusual character of which," they add, "it is useless to dwell on." As Messrs. Hanna, Conant, and Jenks tell us that their mission has been "successful even beyond their anticipations," the readers of this report will be more than ever puzzled to know what their real object was, and to ask President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay: "What went ye out for to see?"

TRUST PANACEAS.

President Schurman has just given his endorsement to the plan for curing the evils of Trusts by "publicity." This means, of course, the disclosure of the specific assets against which Trust securities are issued, and the publication of independently audited accounts. In figurative language, it is sometimes described as "turning the searchlight of public opinion upon corporate darkness." The convenient vagueness of this imagery recommends "publicity" to many who delight in a mouth-filling expletive which seems to be self-explanatory, and which commits them to nothing dangerous.

When, however, the few definite schemes of publicity—such as the proposed Companies Act for New York State—are analyzed, their very excellences preclude us from entertaining aught but very modest anticipations of their usefulness. To show how much stock has been issued for cash, how much for property—with a description of the property—and how much for promoter's services, performed or contracted for, is well. So also is the lodgment with the shareholders of a duly audited balance-sheet annually. This is good as far as it goes, and it goes about as far as is good for legitimate corporate interests. But one must be either very simple or very optimistic to believe that this mild rite will exorcise all the demons of Trusts. The ordinary speculator cares little for prescribed prospectuses or audited accounts. Even the bona-fide investor is often more mystified than enlightened by them. He finds it far easier to satisfy himself of the honesty and capacity of a fellow-man than to pronounce upon an accountant's estimate.

The maintenance of effective competition in the field which the Trust seeks to dominate is pronounced by Prof. J. B. Clark to be all but tantamount to a solution of the Trust question. "The key to the solution of the grave problems . . . lies in the fact that the independent producer is the natural protector of all the other threatened interests," is the way he puts the matter. According to him, it is the independent producer whose competition against the Trust assures the consumer of reason-

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able prices, the farmer of normal returns for his raw produce, and the laborer of his competitive wage. The independent producer thus becomes the watchdog of the industrial flock.

As is the case with other canines, however, it is not until we examine in some detail the cost of his keep that we begin to have misgivings about his utility. In the first place, we are told that we may not lower or abolish any protective duty, however high, when the Trust's rival depends for his industrial existence upon the duty in question. In such a case, seriously to lower the tariff would not destroy the Trust until it had first destroyed the independent competitor. The watchdog would seem, on this showing, to have become not a guardian, but a fetish, no longer the protector of the lamb-like innocence of the consumer, but what the Germans would call a thing or end in itself.

To one who is not convinced of the utility or honesty of protection, it would seem that where both the Trust and its rivals are dependent upon the tariff, they are both alike incumbrances and parasites fattening without right upon the consumer. But, altogether apart from the ethics of protection, the idea of keeping alive "our guardian" by submitting to the burden of protective taxes would seem a singularly expensive method to pursue, when the foreign producer, if only allowed freer access to our markets, is quite willing to undertake the rôle of "guardian" gratis.

But the exactions of the Dingley tariff are not the only item of expense involved. It would appear that in order to keep the independent producer in condition to offer active competition, the community must by law suppress "unfair" competition. The State, it seems, is to undertake to detect and punish local cuts in price which the Trust makes to extirpate its rivals. If grocer A undersells grocer B, we are to rejoice. But let Trust A undersell rival B, and injunctions are in order. The State shall also, it appears, prevent the making of factor's agreements by which retailers, in order to secure certain discounts, agree to handle the Trust's product only. Not to add unduly to the State's burdens, it will be further required merely to prevent railway discrimination. Give the independent producer the conditions aforesaid, and we are told that we may reasonably expect the tooth of monopoly "to be grinded that it bite not too much."

There is, however, some ground to fear that such an anæmic and bottle-fed competitor of the Trust would hardly prove an unfailing reliance. If the Trust's rival does not keep his head above water for the sake of his own profits, he will never do so out of gratitude to his sponsors. In fact, the whole discussion of remedies for Trusts is apt to create the unfounded belief that for all industrial ills there is an absolute cure. It conceals the fact that great financial success, even by a Trust, can be won not only by hidden and abhorrent means, but by transcendent ability and unflagging industry. It is apt, moreover, to engender the delusion that law can "transmute leaden instincts into golden conduct," and that eventually society will evolve a way by which the individual may avoid pocketing unavoidable losses, and will devise a substitute for the old-fashioned virtue of looking out for number one.

MR. ROOT AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

Mr. Elihu Root's retirement on February 1 from the office of Secretary of War marks the end of perhaps the most notable administration of army affairs in the history of the Department in a time of peace. During a large part of his incumbency the retiring Secretary has also had to supervise foreign campaigns —those in the Philippines since August 1, 1899, when he took office, and the Pekin relief expedition of 1900. Important as these have been, they are not significant enough to warrant a comparison of Mr. Root as a war Secretary with Secretary Stanton. But, looked at purely from the administrative point of view, the four and one-half years of Mr. Root's service must ever shine in the annals of the War Department. During this time a new army has been created, with a modern organization and with a new spirit. Vital reforms which the most optimistic officers hardly deemed possible within a lifetime, have been placed upon the statute-books with astonishing ease and despite strong opposition.

It would, of course, be a mistake to credit Mr. Root himself with originating the reforms which have been effected during his administration. Were this to be attempted, he would be the first to protest. One of his last official acts was to publish a valuable work by the late Gen. Emory Upton, one of the most accomplished officers the army has ever known, entitled 'The Military Policy of the United States.' In this treatise, which bears date of 1881, Gen. Upton urged the adoption of a three-battalion regimental system, of the principle of an interchangeable line and staff instead of a permanent staff, and the doing away with the inevitable friction between the Commanding General and Secretary of War. These changes have all been made under Mr. Root. In addition, the General Staff, which Gen. Upton urged, has been created and an act passed for the better discipline and organization of the militia, practically along the lines recommended by Upton. But these and similar reforms were urged upon Mr. Root's predecessors; Mr. Lamont alone appears to have been impressed with their desirability. For the rest, it seemed a sufficient reply to officers eager for the modernization of the service, that the same organization had saved the republic in 1861-1865, and would do so again were the necessity to arise.

Mr. Root brought to his task an open and well-trained mind. The failure of his immediate predecessor and the war with Spain had laid bare the weaknesses of our antiquated system. At once Mr. Root bent himself to the task of creating an efficient machine. For the first time in half a century, officers with ideas became popular at the War Department. He surrounded himself with able officers of the type of Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter—men who realized that there were better armies and better military methods. With them and through them Mr. Root's work was done; but while he profited by their suggestions, he was ever the leader and the dominant personality. Moreover, he bound these men to him by ties of unusual personal attachment, and their enthusiasm and good service under him were rewarded by advancement. Finally, trained lawyer that he was, Mr. Root was able to write masterly reports, and to appear before Congressional committees with convincing reasons for the changes, which quite overcame the prejudices of ignorant Congressmen and the obsolete and superficial arguments of men like Gen. Miles. Thus it came about that the service was recreated within four years; that, in addition to the already mentioned reforms, examinations for promotion were made effective, a complete system of military education was organized, with the barracks school at the base and the War College at the apex, and much done to coördinate regulars, volunteers, and National Guardsmen. All in all, these changes are fairly revolutionary.

Were a summary of Mr. Root's administration of the War Department to stop here, there would be nothing but commendation for it. But we believe that the future historian will have a less favorable word to say upon other aspects of Mr. Root's career. He will find that the Secretary's great influence was not thrown strongly against the water-cure tortures until the President spoke out in a vigorous order. It will be shown that Mr. Root consented to the stuffing, in 1901, of the army, and particularly the staff departments, with hundreds of political favorites and untrained officers when the enlargement of the service gave the politicians their chance. Mr. Root's defence of Gen. Wood and his assumption of responsibility for the latter's despotic acts in Cuba must always be written down on the debit side of the ledger. Sharing the President's desire to see efficient and vigorous young men in high places, Mr. Root has, in the pursuit of this aim, seriously impaired the morale of the army, which is to-day aghast at the rapid advancement of Wood and Mills and the proposed plac-

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ing of Dr. J. C. Ainsworth at the head of the amalgamated Adjutants'-General and Record and Pension bureaus.

President Roosevelt, we know, has made the welkin ring with his praise of Mr. Root as a Cabinet adviser, and he has been largely guided by the latter's opinion in matters relating to the Philippines, Cuba, etc.. In this we think he has often erred. An out-and-out Imperialist, Mr. Root has stood for national aggression, for the doctrine of the chosen, superior race at all times, and has used his great talents to further and solidify the expansion policy, *con amore*. So far as we may judge from Mr. Taft's public utterances and his record in office, a more high-minded adviser is now at Mr. Roosevelt's elbow, as well as an extremely able one, and the change should in this respect be markedly for good. But Mr. Taft takes office much disliked by the officers of the army, who have bitterly, and without good reason, opposed his pacific policy in the Philippines. That he will overcome this prejudice we have no doubt. Meanwhile, he will find that, aside from our colonial questions, there are still military problems and reforms awaiting his attention. Mr. Root did not, of course, clean the slate entirely. We still have far too many staff departments and officers, with the result that the whole service is topheavy. Despite positive assurances, politics has not yet been wholly banished. Officers who did not serve with the Rough Riders and have not been in the entourage of the Secretary need to be assured that they may still hope for some of the rewards of the army. And the General Staff will always require careful supervision lest, swollen by a sense of its own importance, it consider itself invested with the duties of the Secretary and with the legislative functions of Congress.

TAFT ON THE PHILIPPINES.

Governor Taft's valedictory report on the Philippine Government should be read in the light of his four years of devoted service to the cause of pacification. He found the army doggedly making a wilderness, and he has managed to restore what may fairly be called peace. In this work a generous and tactful personality, a delightful gayety in the performance of grave tasks, counted for much; even more important was the firmly held conviction that he was to govern, not to please factions at home or American influences in the islands, but solely to benefit the Filipinos. Governor Taft's own view of his difficult office was very fully expressed in a notable address, never adequately reported, delivered before the Union Reading College of Manila, on December 17, 1903.

Whether Gov. Taft, who vigorously defends the annexation of the Philippines, correctly weighs the motives of the McKinley Administration; whether "the historian will find no episode of our country's history in which the nation has played a higher or nobler part," it is enough for the present to admit that his own motives were as high and noble as his task was arduous. In his conviction that the Philippines were for the Filipinos, he met with constant and bitter opposition from the army and resident Americans, while Congress gave him only inadequate support. The significant and discouraging thing that appears in the present report and in Governor Taft's address is, that the real difficulty has been not the barbarism of the Filipinos, but the myopia of law-makers, the Bourbonism of the army of occupation, and the narrow commercialism of the adventurers. To-day what does the Commission chiefly demand of Congress? The postponement of the iniquitous act making the "coastwise" trade between Manila and San Francisco an American monopoly; the reduction of the tariff on the chief Philippine staples to 25 per cent. of the existing rates. Nobody questions that these measures would be for the good of the islands. A Congress honestly and intelligently working towards that end would pass both measures by unanimous consent. But, as it is, the Filipinos are likely to be forgotten, while the suave Congressional representatives of tariff-fed industries proceed to protect their immediate interests at the expense of ten million distant souls who happen to be at the mercy of Congress.

To a less robust optimism than Mr. Taft's the indifference of Congress and the overt hostility of the Americans in the Philippines would be a strong reason for transferring the custody of the Philippines to some one who understands the natures and the needs of the people. He has evidently felt, on the contrary, merely the exultation of a just strife—a spirit which it is hoped the new Governor-General has inherited. For nothing appears more clearly in the remarkable address which we have already cited, than the fact that Governor Taft has had no bitterer enemies than the army and the commercial exploiters. The causes of this hostility are very natural and most deplorable. The army was embittered by the asperities of the campaign, by the frequent cruelty and treachery of their foe. The merchants and adventurers had enjoyed adventitious flush times through the presence of the army. They had not learned to regard the Filipino as a man, and suddenly, as the army was greatly reduced, they were forced to depend upon him as a customer. With the arrogance of all vicarious conquerors, they refused to solicit Filipino trade; in fact, their previous attitude had disqualified them from bearing any decent human relation to the natives. Accordingly, the whole army of commercial camp followers, instead of studying their situation, demanded the wholesale exploitation of the islands, in order to attract sufficient American customers to maintain trade on the old prosperous war footing. To such proposals Governor Taft set a face of flint. On many occasions he warned disgruntled traders that they knew what the conditions were; that the civil Government was considering primarily the welfare of the Filipinos, and that Americans who found that state of things intolerable might go back, and good riddance. Such expressions won him the very honorable distinction of abuse by the Manila press, while the "practical" men characterized his watchword, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," as a "childish slogan."

Governor Taft accepted this abuse as in the day's work, recognizing fully its seriousness. And, indeed, the whole future of our administration of the islands hangs on this matter. Said Mr. Taft at Manila:

> "Were I assured that the present attitude of the majority of American merchants and the American press would be permanent, and if I did not confidently hope that there must be a great change in the future, I should be very much discouraged in respect to the result of the experiment which the United States is making in these islands. A purely racial hatred is one of the most difficult things possible to overcome, and if it is founded on personal conditions it is almost hopeless to look for its ceasing."

Here we are face to face with the real problem. Governor Taft is hopeful that a chance will come through the American merchants perceiving their own advantage, and the value of the Filipino as a customer. But is not the generous confidence based rather upon Governor Taft's desires than upon the history of American dealings with backward races? Has our great commercial stake in the Indian or the negro so far conduced greatly to the benefit of either? Is the trend of legislation such as to express the principle that political and economic equality between men and nations is the best commercial policy? It seems, then, that the hope of making American malcontents in the Philippines serve the cause of reconciliation is slight. Governor Wright must fight them as Governor Taft did; and if the Philippines are indeed secured for the Filipinos, it will be the result of a curious paradox—a Government steadfastly opposing the prejudice, greed, and ignorance of its own citizens; the fountain rising higher than its source.

At least Mr. Taft's candid and hopeful statement of the difficulty is calculated to break the prevailing indifference as to the Philippine experiment. His words powerfully reinforce Professor Schurman's reminder that the problem is as imminent as ever, and that we are treating it by rule of thumb in disregard of our American ideals. Yet Governor Taft reports certain more defi-

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nitely promising symptoms. There more enlightened Filipinos have been won over. They know that the islands are being ruled in their interest. Gradually the labor trouble is working itself out. More than six thousand natives are employed upon public works and are giving satisfaction. So Governor Taft opposes the suggestion of importing coolie labor, believing that time and opportunity will make steady workmen and eventually good citizens also out of unpromising native material. Generally speaking, the Roman Catholic Church has well begun the work of civilization, and to-day the Filipinos seem nearly as apt as the Japanese in assimilating Western culture and adapting themselves to modern industrial conditions.

"Their intense desire for education, their appreciation of European and American improvements in dress and bodily comforts, their artistic ambitions, their quick desire to imitate the good they see and understand, . . . their political aspirations for liberty and popular government, however lacking in a political knowledge of its difficulties and real essence—all these traits . . . . justify an entirely different policy . . . from that which England has found necessary to pursue with Mohammedan and Buddhist peoples having neither sympathy with, nor understanding of, modern European ideals."

Such is Governor Taft's view of the people he has governed for four years. He sees gradual improvement, leading possibly to a voluntary and cheerful acceptance of the present dependent conditions. Skilled observers of the army and navy report, on the contrary, that the Filipinos must indefinitely be kept in strict tutelage—ruled as the Javanese are by the Dutch, or the Hindus by England. The middle view, which we hold, is that, by a tardy act of reparation, Governor Taft has reconstituted that intelligent remnant upon which more than upon any imposed régime the future of the islands depends, and we are confident that our rule must gradually assume the form it should always have sought, of a mere protectorate over an independent nation. A Cuba in the Pacific would bring us a glory only tarnished by the fact that we tried first and nearly succeeded in making a Madagascar.

Whatever the outcome, a peculiar credit will redound to Governor Taft. He went to a land torn by the most cruel warfare, and he persuaded the victims that their enemies might also be, nay, desired to be, their friends. He was the first American to come to the Philippines not only with words of justice on his lips, but with power and will to make them effective.

TEN YEARS OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

In a portly volume, President Harper has summarized the results of his ten years' administration of the University of Chicago. He supplies matter for much debate, for he has conducted fearlessly a vast experimental laboratory of education, the material of which has been the young men and women of the Middle West. How far his experiments have succeeded, how far they must fail, may better be judged at his second decennial than at his first; meanwhile, nobody can fail to admire the energy with which he has shaped the restless life of a great university into the mould preconceived in his own mind.

The University of Chicago was, if ever there was one, a *fiat* academe. It was called into being by the joint enterprise of a versatile scholar and man of affairs, W. R. Harper, and of John D. Rockefeller. Much of its organization betrays the eminently practical sense of these two men. With the *flair* of a great reorganizer, President Harper concentrated his innovations upon the matter of greatest dispute—the undergraduate course. Perceiving the waste of time involved in the traditional summer vacation, he arranged his academic calendar in four quarters, covering the entire year. From this apparently mechanical device the university has largely drawn that notable flexibility which is its chief characteristic. For a continuous session means that students may greatly abridge their term of residence by foregoing vacations, that professors may combine two or more vacations, and so obtain leisure for travel or investigation, that students and professors alike may take their vacation term at the time most convenient to them, that the routine teaching may be constantly freshened up by the introduction, during the absence of the regular incumbents, of famous scholars from other institutions. In these and other ways a régime of liberty has been established which seems very much like Elysium to those who have been stretched or lopped on our older academic beds of Procrustes.

Students have not been slow to take advantage of this flexibility, and President Harper justly maintains that his ready-made university is probably the most individualistic of all. That fact expresses itself clearly in the great diversity of undergraduate careers. In most Eastern colleges students graduate only in the summer term—in a few cases in the mid-year interval also; in Chicago the end of every quarter is a graduation period. Furthermore, a class in an Eastern institution is a fairly compact body. It loses a few members through various adversities, gains a few, and keeps generally a four-year residence, with all the associations therein implied. At the University of Chicago, on the contrary, a class is a fluctuating body, sometimes large, sometimes small, never the same for two successive quarters. Of the students graduated in 1900-1901, for example, only 41 per cent. kept the "normal" course of three quarters a year for four years. A course covering more than twelve quarters was chosen or imposed upon 22 per cent., while 37 per cent. did extra work enough to secure the undergraduate degree in less than twelve quarters.

But the times and seasons of these undergraduates are much less important than what they are being taught and what attitude they are bringing to the world. On the latter head President Harper speaks most confidently. "Steadiness, sturdiness, strength, strong individuality, high ideals, and clear purpose" are universally admitted characteristics of his students. Such raw material as this surely deserves most careful shaping, and in this respect the report of the undergraduate department is not wholly reassuring. The tendency is away from the traditional studies. Thus, in 1902 only 20 per cent. of the male graduates took the degree of A.B., though for this no Greek or Latin need be elected, while 46 per cent. chose the general and linguistic courses leading to the Ph.B., and 33 per cent. qualified for the scientific degree, S.B. Obviously, four-fifths of the entire undergraduate body is following either narrowly scientific courses, or a curriculum that lacks the subjects traditionally held to be of greatest disciplinary value. The "modern" education is in force at Chicago, and it remains to be seen if, either as regards culture or efficiency, the new specialized or miscellaneous courses are as efficacious as the old curriculum. President Harper deserves warm commendation for duly labelling his graduates according to their studies. This is much preferable to spreading the comfortable dignity of the degree in arts over Sanskritist and boiler expert alike. We at least know how the graduates of the University of Chicago have been educated, and in due time may judge their training by its fruits. Evidently, President Harper himself feels that all is not well when he recommends formally that "something should be done to encourage a larger interest in literary work of a creative character." A certain naïveté in the expression of this pious hope will be readily pardoned if Mr. Harper will promptly give his poets the preferment now reserved for his philologers.

A more serious menace to the orderly development of the elective system is the haste to enter professional life. "The student preparing for work in medicine, or in law, if he follows the lines marked out for him with a view to completing both the requirements for the bachelor's degree and that for the professional degree, has practically not a single free elective from his entrance upon the high school to his graduation from the professional school. The work of ten or eleven years, with no excep-

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tion worthy of mention, is thus a rigidly prescribed course." Here is very nearly the reduction to the absurd of the elective system. For the ambitious student it results in a course actually more rigid and less liberal than the discredited old curriculum. That at least gave some scraps of all human knowledge; this holds the adolescent mind unsparingly to one narrow section. It is a question if we shall not soon be obliged to supplement miscalled freedom of election by compulsory catholicity of selection.

The chief value of President Harper's fully documented report will be to supply material for thoroughgoing criticism of our collegiate education. The evidence for his own institution, whether favorable or other, is presented with a candor deserving of all praise. One would criticise in a report of this unusual nature chiefly its paucity in general ideas. It is difficult to determine from what is written how far the University of Chicago has made for the culture of its students and community, and what are its purposes for the future. Yet these are surely crucial matters, and should have found a place in this imposing mass of statistical detail and discussion.

THE "INTERNATIONAL" EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 12, 1904.

British artists have their "secession," though they call it by another name. Certainly, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers represents all that is strongest, most independent, and least Academic in the art of the country, while, with a liberality equal to that of the Paris Salons, it finds a place for all that is most distinguished abroad. It is as international in fact as in name. Its first President was Mr. Whistler, an American; and now, M. Rodin, a Frenchman and the only man who could follow worthily, has been chosen to succeed him. It is this really unprecedented action on the part of a society of artists with headquarters in London, together with the manner in which M. Rodin has accepted the responsibility, as well as the honor, and come to London for the opening ceremonies, that gives the fourth Exhibition a very special interest—though it would be interesting in itself in any case.

The first two exhibitions of the Society were held at Knightsbridge. They were to London a revelation of what a picture show can be; but London is nothing if not conventional, and Knightsbridge was felt to be just too far off the beaten track of picture galleries. The third was given, a little more than a year ago, at the Institute, but the Institute is so heavy-laden with traditions of mediocrity that the International there seemed out of its element. Now the Society has established itself in the new gallery in Regent Street, the most important in London after the Academy; the rooms large enough for pleasure, well proportioned and well lighted, with a central court, where sculpture can be excellently displayed. And it is here that M. Rodin has been received by the Society and has received the Society's guests.

To me the most distinctive features of the present exhibition are the care devoted to the decoration and arrangement of the gallery, and the prominence accorded to black and white—treated almost everywhere as a pariah among the arts—and to sculpture, which, in London anyhow, has never been shown with so much distinction. The wonder is that all artists have not yet realized the importance to their work of a beautiful background. Even a beautiful picture or statue gains by beautiful surroundings—who would think of setting a precious stone or a rare gem in the baser metals?—while the poor performance of a second-rate man borrows dignity from the respect offered to it. The decorations of the International this year have already roused a heated discussion, and I think the question is one that concerns every artist. Two of the rooms have been hung with white. One of these is for the drawings and prints, and with it, as yet, no fault has been found. But the other is for pictures, and some grumbling has been heard—their color is killed, the dissatisfied painters say. But any one who remembers the splendor with which many an old master tells on the plain, whitewashed walls of a convent or monastery need not be assured that color on white—to use the painter's phrase—fairly sings. And sing it does in the large, white-draped room. The margin of white seems to concentrate, to intensify, to bring out the effect of pictures as absolutely different as Matthew Maris's little golden dream of Amsterdam, and Monet's big, realistic interior, "Le Déjeûner," that curious early work, with no suggestion in it of his later, more familiar methods; as M. Anglada's sudden glow and glory of color in a "Gypsy Dance," and the tranquil grays of Mr. Peppercorn's twilight Common. It is extraordinary how fine the effect is, and I am not surprised that M. Rodin and the artists who have come from Paris with him—M. Thaulow, M. Cottet, M. Blanche—are enthusiastic. In the third room there is a green background with no striking value except its neutrality. But it is not only the color of the walls that has received attention. The pictures have been placed and grouped with the right feeling for harmony and balance, every piece of sculpture has been set with a view to the general design; and in the picture rooms the light is tempered by a velarium so nicely adjusted that it would satisfy Whistler, who was, for the modern exhibition, its inventor.

If a first impression counts for anything, it is well that the doors of the gallery open at once into the Sculpture Hall. For, rising in the centre and dominating everything, is M. Rodin's "Grand Penseur," that mighty Titan who sits brooding, his knees drawn up, his body bent in a powerful curve, his chin resting on his hands, lost in the great thoughts that make or mar a world. The statue is well known, but it has never before been seen in London—its being here is the wonder—and one cannot look upon it again without being thrilled anew by the majesty and force of a figure that not even an Italian sculptor in the great days surpassed. And M. Rodin has sent only fine things. He has been content not to puzzle à not over intelligent public (where art is concerned) by that portion of his work that is interesting chiefly as the failure of a great man. At one end of the court is a smaller version in bronze of the "Penseur"; at the other, through an open doorway, one looks to the spirited group of "La Défense," the winged figure splendidly silhouetted against the white walls. And there are also, scattered in the court, that grim, haunting Bellona, the torso of the St. John, the graceful little "Dream," among other things, which I do not stop to describe because they are well known. The novelty is that they should be gathered together in a London exhibition, that M. Rodin should be the President of the society giving this exhibition, and that a sculptor of any nationality should have been invited to preside over a society in which painters are in a decided majority. M. Bartholomé is also represented—for one thing, by the solemn group of the prostrate man, woman, and child from the tomb of Père Lachaise. But of his work, neither, is it necessary to say more, for I have already described it when exhibited in the Salon. Among the English sculptors are two of M. Rodin's disciples, Mr. Tweed and Mr. Derwent Wood; also Mr. Wells, a young man who has taken Millet's peasants as the models for his little bronzes, but who makes such good use of them that I fancy he will be heard from to more original purpose in the future. Mr. J. H. Furse is another of the sculptors, and his animals have something of the sinewy grace and movement of Barye's. But in this group with M. Rodin and M. Bartholomé it is Mr. Henry Wilson who makes the finest showing—a sculptor who this year, however, has only metal work and jewelry. A casket he designed for presentation to Mr. Chamberlain by the Constitutional Club is a marvel in its way: a harmony of silver, gold, enamels and precious stones. The work of the modern artist-silversmith in England is, as a rule, full of affectations. He accepts the crudeness of barbaric or peasant jewelry as his standard. But Mr. Wilson believes that methods should be adapted to materials, and that his precious metals and jewels call for exquisite design and workmanship. The casket itself is supported by little figures in silver, each a masterpiece; the encircling band and tiny panels of enamel are as delicate in color as in technique, and each jewel is placed with the knowledge of the painter putting in his rare but eloquent high light. And in his necklaces and brooches, Mr. Wilson again uses his jewels as the painter uses his pigments.

If the new President, M. Rodin, dominates everything in the Sculpture Court, so does the late President, Mr. Whistler, in the picture galleries. Only three of his paintings have been hung, but they could scarcely be more representative. The "Symphony in White," the "Valparaiso," are as familiar now to Mr. Whistler's admirers as they are characteristic of certain phases of his art. But the third has never before been seen in England, nor is it known in America. "Rose et Or: la Tulipe" is its title, and it is described in the catalogue as "unfinished." But though much remained for Whistler to do had he lived (the arms are just brushed in, the hands not more than suggested), it is complete in its color harmony and its design. It is a large, full-length portrait of a tall, graceful woman in long, rose-colored draperies, standing against a background of rose-purple. The hands are clasped behind her—the grace of the attitude is al-

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ready in the suggestion—her face is in profile, and the pose has all the elegance and distinction, the color all the subtlety, of which Whistler was the master. In fact, the picture as it is has such charm that one almost wonders whether it needed "finishing." Whistler's influence is felt in a great deal of the work. Even Sir James Guthrie, unquestionably the strongest of the Glasgow group, cannot escape it. He has a fine portrait of a little girl, "Miss Janie Martin." But, as she stands on the canvas, one black-slippered foot well set forward, the hand hanging by her side holding a large feathered felt hat, it is impossible not to think of the memorable "Miss Alexander." And yet nothing could be more unlike than the treatment. The child wears rich red and white, and a rich brown is the color of the background; the head is more solidly modelled—there is none of the flat modelling that gives such an elusive beauty to the lady in "Rose et Or," and Sir James Guthrie seems to have thought less of the exquisiteness of surface than of the depths in his browns, the value of the aërial envelope. Anyway, it is a fine portrait, and not many in the collection can compete with it.

One of the exceptions is a portrait of a Mr. Ross by Mr. Kerr-Lawson, one of the younger Scotchmen, hitherto known only for his decorative rendering of architecture and landscape. But it is really a surprising piece of work; a half-length, of an elderly man, seated, his face in profile—so much again, due, perhaps, to Whistler's influence—his hands folded simply on his lap, with absolutely no accessories. But the dignity of treatment, the solemnity of tone, the calm of the face, the tranquillity of the pose, the decorative value got out of the white collar and cuffs (the despair of the modern portrait-painter) make it a most striking portrait, and I, for one, shall look forward to the next by this artist with much interest. Of the portraits by M. Raffaëlli and M. Blanche, I say nothing, because they have been seen in Paris, if I except a vivid, amusing sketch of Mr. George Moore by M. Blanche. I hardly think Mr. Lavery, the Vice-President of the Society, at his best, though in his "Lady in Pink" he has managed an extremely difficult color scheme with a great deal of dexterity. Mr. Sauter, the secretary, has two family groups that show him absorbed with problems of delicate grays and the strange, indefinable things he has dimly discerned in the faces of his sitters, so that to a portrait of Mother and Child he has given the (in this case) appropriate title, "Fate." And among all others, which I have not space here even to mention, I was especially struck with a vigorous, picturesque, haunting little study of a shepherd by Vierge, and a large arrangement of a "Lady with a Feather," by Mr. C. H. Shannon. I should doubt very much if Mr. Shannon were keen about the actual portrait; his aim seems to have been rather to make a beautiful design simply by the way the seated figure in wide-flounced gown, bending over the feather in her hand, fills the canvas. He has the sense of composition that so often saved the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century from disaster.

Of the quality of the rest of the collection of pictures, I shall be giving an idea when I say that M. Cottet's big "Deuil Marin"—the three solemn, black-robed women in a Breton landscape; M. Zuloaga's Spanish fantasies, reminiscent of Velasquez and Goya; M. Thaulow's brilliant landscapes; M. Anglada's impressions of light and color—all pictures from last summer's New Salon—and also many shown there by the Canadian Morrice and the Americans Maurer and Frieseke, are included. I need say no more than this, since it is not so long since, seeing them in Paris, I wrote about all these things for the *Nation*. Were there space, I should like to linger over the landscapes of Mr. Peppercoun and Mr. Priestman, the charming decorative arrangements of Mr. Shannon, the "Mother" of Mr. Strang. This last, it is true, recalls Millet in composition, types, and sentiment. It is the picture of a woman who, feeding her child, blows upon the spoonful of food to cool it, as in a drawing by Millet, of whom you can not but think at the first glance. But it is painted with genuine dignity and breadth, and is as careful in its technique, as solid in its modelling, and as well realized as anything in the gallery. Mr. Chase and Mr. Childe Hassam are the other Americans; Franz Stuck is among the Germans, Breitner and Witser among the Dutchmen.

The delightful part of the black and white is the way it has been arranged. Usually—and this in Paris as in London—black and white is banished to the cellar or crowded into any odd corner. But here a room has been set apart, and it has been hung as if space were no object; in a word, every possible deference has been shown to it. And the work on the walls is worth the trouble. There is not much, but what there is deserves every consideration. Again, it may be said that the prints of Félicien Rops are well enough known, but not in London, it must be remembered; and here a really representative and impressive series has been got together. It is curious to note that, before the show opened, almost half of these prints had been sold. The aquatints of M. Louis Legrand come also as a surprise in a London gallery, and he has sent those beautiful prints from the New Salon of last summer that prove the artist need not borrow the Madonna from the Primitives, but can go to the mother and child among the world's workers of to-day if he would express the beauty and emotion of maternity. It is in this room also that an amazing study in water-color of a "Silver-Spangled Cock," amazing in drawing and modelling, splendid in color, by Mr. Crawhall, is found; and also the almost tragic impressions of Meissen in pastel by Mr. Muhrman; those vivid pastels by M. Milcendeau and M. Luigini from last summer's salon; the astounding etchings, or aquatints rather, in color by M. Thaulow; the etchings by Pennell, Chahine, Roussel; the illustrations of Vierge, Phil May, E. J. Sullivan, Hartrick—it really is an uncommonly good collection.

The exhibition opened to the public this morning, and I must confess to not a little curiosity as to how the public will accept it, so absolutely unlike is it to the average London picture show. How the critics are taking it I know already. It is amusing to find "the gentleman of the *Times*," after paying Whistler and Rodin and one or two others the tribute it is hardly decent now to withhold, deliberately picking out for praise certain pictures that everyone with a love for art must regret that the Hanging Committee could not see its way to reject. If the International only perseveres on the present lines, even the "gentleman of the *Times*" will have to give in. But perseverance is greatly a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Will these be supplied in the necessary amount by the artless British public? N. N.

CAGLIOSTRO.

PARIS, January 11, 1904.

There are novels in history, and among them may be cited the life of the famous Cagliostro, who played such an important part in the "affaire du collier" before the French Revolution. M. Henri d'Alméras has published quite recently a biography of this celebrated adventurer. He begins with a long and curious chapter on the documents he has used in his work, and says justly that "there is not, perhaps, in the whole eighteenth century a celebrated man whose biography is more difficult to write than that of Cagliostro. Documents abound, but most of them are devoid of historical precision. The most interesting are the most inexact. There are as many reasons for rejecting them as for admitting them." Cagliostro had a thousand reasons for throwing a veil over many parts of his life, especially the early parts: "In the interrogatories to which he had to submit, during the necklace trial, he almost always lied with an imperturbable serenity, not only because the truth might injure him, but also because lying had become with him, as with many others, an hypertrophy of the imagination." By a sort of auto-suggestion he ended by believing things which he had a hundred times said of himself; he was a born charlatan and deceiver, and in the end deceived himself.

M. Henri d'Alméras used a number of manuscript documents which are kept in our public archives—the reports made on Cagliostro by the police of 1785 and 1786, and the documents relating to the necklace trial. He attaches more importance to these manuscript documents than to the printed pamphlets. In 1791 there was published in Rome a 'Compendio della vita ee delle gesti di Giuseppe Balsamo,' extracted from the documents in the trial of Cagliostro at Rome the year before. A translation of it presently appeared in French, under the title, 'Vie de Joseph Balsamo, connu sous le nom de Comte Cagliostro, extraite de la procédure instruite contre lui à Rome en 1790.' M. d'Alméras cites two pamphlets, relating to Cagliostro's journeys in Germany and Poland. One of these is in German and has never been translated: 'Nachricht von des eerüchtigen Cagliostro Aufenthalt in Mittau,' by Countess Elisa von der Recke (Berlin and Stettin, 1787); the other is anonymous and is entitled: 'Cagliostro démasqué à Varsovie, ou Relation authentique de ses opérations alchimiques et magiques faites dans cette capitale, par un témoin oculaire.' I forbear to mention a number of other documents, besides the legal memoirs composed during the necklace trial, which for some time occupied all France, as the name of Queen Marie Antoinette was unfortunately mixed up with it. Even now, with all that is known, there are still some mysteries in the life of Cagliostro.

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Joseph Balsamo was born on the 8th of June, 1743, at Palermo, the child of poor Jews. Shortly after his birth, his father died a bankrupt and left his family in very straitened circumstances. Joseph was brought up by charity in a convent of the Brothers of Mercy, near Palermo, but he soon left school. He led a dissipated and riotous life in Palermo, at the same time giving himself up to the study of occult sciences and of witchcraft. He was obliged to leave Palermo, and went first to Messina. There he made the acquaintance of a Greek adventurer, occupied with occultism and sleight-of-hand, and journeyed with him in Greece and in Egypt, making dupes everywhere with magic operations and quack medicines. At Malta he obtained letters of credit from the Grand Master of the Order of Malta, Don Manoël Pinto d'Alfonseca, who spent all his time in a laboratory, trying to find the philosopher's stone. Balsamo went to Naples with a prince who was also studying chemistry with a view to changing all metals into gold. From Naples he went to Rome, where he made the acquaintance of Lorenza Feliciani, who became the companion of his life. Lorenza's father was a *butadore*, a copper founder. She was fifteen years old, very pretty, and very ignorant.

"She lived," says M. d'Alméras, "through the gravest events without judging or understanding them. Irresponsible because she was unconscious, she obeyed without resistance any will that tried to impose itself upon her. Even in Paris, even in the frivolous society in which she lived, her futility, during the drama of the necklace, seemed excessive and shocking. Incapable of action, of will, and even of thought, a light little creature, inconsistent, with the soul of a doll in the body of a woman, she spent all her life in laughing and talking."

She was profoundly ignorant and had to learn to write long after her marriage, which was celebrated in the month of April, 1769, in a little church in Rome, San Salvatore in Campo. Balsamo had a sort of *officina* of false papers, false bonds. He persuaded his wife "that adultery was no crime when it was inspired solely by interest." He procured for her rich lovers, but husband and wife were soon obliged to leave Rome. They travelled in great style, and, after some disagreements with the police, left for Madrid and Lisbon and, in the month of July, 1771, for England. The vicissitudes of their life in England are only partly known. After having made some dupes, they left for France. I shall not follow them in their complicated movements. In 1777 Cagliostro found means to be admitted to the Masonic order, and to become one of its dignitaries. He was no longer the humble swindler obliged to run from place to place. He had measured the depth of human folly and credulity; he was the *illustrissimo* Count of Cagliostro. When, coming from Germany, he arrived at Strasbourg on the 19th of September, a great crowd awaited on the bridge to Kehl the doctor who could cure all maladies, the apostle of free-masonry, who was a public benefactor.

Louis de Rohan, born in 1734, was, in 1779, appointed Bishop of Strasbourg, and the same year made a Cardinal. He was a Prince of the Holy Empire, Landgrave of Alsace, and Abbé of Saint-Vaast. He had enormous revenues; a palace at Saverne and another in Paris. "Born," says M. d'Alméras, "with a soul as little ecclesiastical as possible, Cardinal Rohan had the brilliant qualities and the fashionable defects which, under the reign of Marie Antoinette, were the attributes of a *grand seigneur*.' This judgment seems to me too indulgent, for I have looked in vain for the qualities of the Cardinal; his defects were only too apparent. One of them was an extraordinary credulity. From 1780 to 1785, Cagliostro extorted from him, on various pretexts, sums amounting to nearly a million of our francs. The Cardinal had him often in his palace, lent him his equipages and his horses, made him constant presents. Baroness Oberkisch tells us in her interesting memoirs that the Cardinal showed her once a magnificent stone, with the arms of Rohan engraved on it, which he wore on one of his fingers.

"'It is a fine stone, sir, and I had already admired it.' 'Well, Cagliostro made it; he made it for nothing. I saw it done; I was there and witnessed the operation. What do you think of that? People won't say any more that he is deceiving me. The jeweller has valued the stone at twenty-five thousand livres.'

"I remained stupefied. M. de Rohan saw this, and continued: 'That is not all. He makes gold. He made for me five to six thousand livres in gold, upstairs, in the attic of my palace. He will make me the richest prince in Europe."

He made incantations in dark rooms, and showed the Cardinal shadows which were supposed to be the shades of beloved persons.

Cagliostro established himself definitely in Paris in January, 1785, in a hotel which belonged to the Marchioness d'Orvilliers, and which still exists on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. He became the successor of Mesmer, who had for a while been the fashion, and soon had a host of patients, whom he pretended to cure. Lorenza, his mistress, shared his popularity. Nobody could recognize in her the daughter of the *butadore* of Pellegrini Street in Rome.

The details of the necklace trial are well known, and M. d'Alméras could find no new matter on this subject. It is curious enough that when the famous Madame de la Motte heard from the Abbé Maury the news of the arrest of the Cardinal de Rohan, her first word was, "C'est du Cagliostro tout pur." Cagliostro was arrested on the 23d of August, 1785, and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had been inculpated by Madame de la Motte in the affair of the necklace, but his innocence was proved and he was set at liberty on the 12th of May, 1786. He could no longer remain in France, as his character had been thoroughly exposed during the trial, and on the 29th of June he took a boat for England. From London he wrote a "letter addressed to the French people," the full text of which is given for the first time by M. d'Alméras. It was directed chiefly against Baron de Breteuil, the minister who sent him to the Bastille, and against the governor of the prison. His golden days were over; he could not remain long in England, and left for Switzerland and Italy. In Rome he was imprudent enough to organize Masonic lodges; he was arrested and brought before the tribunal of the Holy Office. His trial became in reality the trial of Free Masonry, and in this respect was interesting. The judgment says that "Joseph Balsamo, . . . having incurred the censures and penalties pronounced against formal heretics, dogmatists, heresiarchs, masters and disciples of superstitious sorcery, has incurred the censures and penalties established by the apostolic laws of Clément XII. and Benedict XIV., as well as the edict of the Council of State." Capital punishment was commuted for perpetual imprisonment in a fortress. Cagliostro was sent to the Fort Saint-Leo, in the Duchy of Urbino, after which all trace of him was lost. It is said that he died in 1795, but no particulars of any sort regarding his end are known.

Correspondence.

WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Whistler memorial exhibition which is to open on February 23 under the auspices of the Copley Society of Boston, bids fair to be the leading art event of the present American season. An announcement just sent out by the management shows that this Copley Hall art display will consist of oil paintings, water colors, pastels, and a representative collection of etchings, lithographs, and drawings, and that it will include, in addition to the most notable examples of Mr. Whistler's art owned in this country, important contributions from London, Paris, Glasgow, and Montreal. It will form by long odds the largest collection of this master's works ever yet exhibited, and it is extremely unlikely, in the nature of things, that so many of his pictures will ever again be brought together. The Copley Society has been warmly seconded by Mr. Whistler's estate, which has specially selected it to arrange this memorial exhibition. Of particular interest, of course, will be the pictures which the estate is to loan from Mr. Whistler's studio in London. These have never yet been shown to the public.

Boston has had the good fortune to get this exhibition largely through the efforts of an energetic committee of the Copley Society, headed by the president of the society, Mr. Holker Abbott, who has personally interested all the collectors of Whistler's works in the Boston undertaking. The precise standing of Mr. Whistler among the artists of the world is, of course, yet to be determined; but beyond question the present art show is likely to give the collectors and critics of the entire country the best opportunity ever afforded, or ever likely to be afforded, of judging the man by the entirety of his production. Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, who has been perhaps the leading collector of Whistler's paintings in this country, and who has put at the service of the Copley Society the contents of his gallery, has recently predicted that the Copley exhibition will be epoch-making in the history of American art; and a similar opinion has been expressed by Mr. Howard Mansfield of New York, who has especial knowledge of Whistler's black-and-whites.

The exhibition is to be one of really national importance, and it is hoped that it will be so regarded. The list of the members of the honorary committee for the exhibition is impressive, and the more so since most of the members of it have done more than merely allow their names to be used; nearly all have, in fact, rendered ac-

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tive assistance in procuring works for the Copley Society's exhibition. Those on the committee are as follows: Gov. Bates, Mayor Collins, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, ambassador of Great Britain; Mr. J. J. Jusserand, ambassador of the French republic; Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State; Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; Mr. John Caldwell, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Mr. Edward H. Coates, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Mr. Halsey C. Ives, chief of the department of art, St. Louis Exposition; Mr. F. W. Rhinelander, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Mr. Samuel Dennis Warren, president of the Museum of Fine Arts; Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, London; Mr. R. B. Angus, Montreal; Mr. Samuel P. Avery, New York; Mr. Francis Bartlett, Boston; Miss Rosalind Birnie-Philip, London; Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, Chicago; Hon. George A. Drummond, Montreal; Mr. Charles L. Freer, Detroit; Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston; Mr. Walter Gay, Paris; Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, New York; Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, Chicago; Mr. John G. Johnson, New York; Mr. Bryan Lathrop, Chicago; Mr. Howard Mansfield, New York; Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Philadelphia; Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridge; Mr. Joseph Pennell, London; Mr. Alfred A. Pope, Farmington; Mr. Edward Robinson, Boston; Mr. Denman W. Ross, Cambridge; Mr. James Ross, Montreal; Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens, Windsor; Mr. John S. Sargent, London; Mrs. Joshua Montgomery Sears, Boston; Mr. Arthur Studd, London; Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, New York; Mr. Henry Walters, Baltimore; Mrs. Henry Whitman, Boston, and Mr. Harris Whittemore, Naugatuck.

FREDERICK W. COBURN.

BOSTON, January 26, 1904.

PROFESSORS' SALARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Yes, that memorable article on Professors' Salaries (*Nation*, No. 2009) has struck a responsive chord in all colleges from Maine to California. But how about the instructors? Here is a great and prosperous university where an instructor never gets nor will get more than a thousand dollars a year. He is an instructor. Hath not an instructor wife and children? Hath not an instructor a house to keep up, food and clothes to buy? Does he not need books as a professor does, and travelling for study or rest at home and abroad? Does he not pay to the local tradespeople the same prices as the four-thousand-dollar professor or the millionaire's son, his student? Is he not expected to buy tickets for all charity entertainments as the professor is, subscribe to the student papers, support the athletic associations, the Christian association, the debating association, the toboggan association and wear a Tuxedo? Should an instructor of a great university get a salary of 700 to 1,000 dollars like a clerk in a grocery store? X.

ITHACA, January 30, 1904.

AN INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any student of the colonial period of American history give an earlier instance of an American-born colonist sitting as a member of the English House of Commons than that of Joseph Dudley, Governor for many years of Massachusetts, who was elected a member of Parliament for Newtown in the Isle of Wight in 1701?

Yours truly, N. DARNELL DAVIS.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA, January 13, 1904.

THE CHEVALIER DE LIMOËLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of the review of M. Lenotre's researches concerning Limoëlan (*Nation*, No. 2,012) may be interested to learn that Chateaubriand, in the account of his school life at the Collège de Rennes ('Mémoires d' outre-Tombe') mentions Limoëland as his schoolmate, and calls him the "auteur de la machine infernale." Chateaubriand further says:

"He is to-day a priest in America. There exists only one portrait of Lucile, and this ugly miniature was made by Limoëlan, who became a painter during the distress of the Revolution. I must relate a trick which Limoëlan played on the principal who was accustomed, after the signal for retiring, to go through the corridors to see if all was well. The principal was wont to look through a hole made in each door. Limoëlan, Gesril, Saint-Riveul, and I slept in the same room. We were a mischievous lot. Several times we stopped up the hole with paper. The principal pushed the paper through and caught us jumping on our beds and breaking our chairs. One evening Limoëlan, without telling us his plan, persuaded us to put out the light and go to bed. In a quarter of an hour the principal came on tip-toe. Seeing no light his suspicions were aroused, and he rushed into the room crying: 'Who did that?' Limoëlan nearly choked with laughter. Gesril said, in a half-simple, half-jeering tone: 'What is the matter?' Saint-Riveul and I laughed like Limoëlan, and hid under our covers. No one could get anything out of us: we were heroic.

"The four of us were locked up in the cellar. Saint-Riveul dug up the ground under a door that communicated with the stable yard. He stuck his head in this opening—a pig ran up and nearly ate his brains; Gesril let a cask of wine run out; Limoëlan pulled down a wall."

TIMOTHY CLORAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 23, 1904.

Notes.

'Writings on American History, 1902,' is an undertaking of Ernest Cushing Richardson and Anson Ely Morse, which is defined as "an attempt at an exhaustive bibliography of books and periodical articles on United States history published during the year 1902, together with some contributions towards a bibliography of writings on other parts of the Americas for the same year." The work is now in the press, and may be subscribed for at the Library Bookstore of C. Martins, Princeton; N. J. It contains more than a thousand titles of books and pamphlets, and more than five times as many of periodical articles. The book titles are accompanied by "appraisements" extracted from reviews. Each subject is furnished with a brief definition, and there are other features of decided value.

The Clarendon Press has in hand a standard edition of the complete works of Ben Jonson, in nine octavo volumes, uniform with the Oxford editions of Kyd and Lyly, under the editorship of Prof. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson; and an edition of 'Elizabethan Critical Essays,' edited by G. Gregory Smith, together with an introduction on the origins of literary criticism in England. This work will fill two volumes.

The centennial of the acquisition of the Territory of Louisiana has inevitably brought forth a crop of books dealing with the subject in one way or another. The latest is from the press of Ginn & Co., and is entitled 'The Louisiana Purchase,' by Ripley Hitchcock. The first part, some 91 pages, covers the whole subject of Spanish and French occupation from the final entrance of these peoples into the Mississippi Valley until 1803. From this point political history is almost wholly disregarded, and the remainder of the book, some 250 pages, is devoted to exploration, settlement, and the development of the region included in the Purchase. Nearly one-third of this compilation is taken up with an account of the Lewis and Clark expedition—on the whole, a very good summary of the Journals as "edited" by Biddle. This is followed by sketches of the journeys of Pike, Catlin, Hunt, Wyeth, Prince Maximilian of Wied, Bonneville, Frémont, and others. Finally, part four traces the decline in the fur trade and the rise of other interests, such as mining and the cattle industry, which were important factors in building up the West. The purpose of the book is to tell in a single volume the "story of the West succinctly" in such a way as to "afford a certain comprehensiveness" which will make the volume "of convenience and of value to students." The author appears to have familiarized himself with the best secondary accounts, besides some of the sources, and has given us a clear and accurate sketch of a subject which is for the moment of quite general interest.

A Yale thesis for the doctorate in philosophy, just published by its author, Charles Upson Clark of New Haven, deals in a very thorough way with the text tradition of Ammianus Marcellinus, whose 'Rerum Gestarum Libri' (if that be the true title) is pronounced by the Teuffel-Schwabe 'History of Roman Literature' "the first serious historical work of the higher order after Tacitus, and likewise the last of the kind." Mr. Clark's work was well worth doing, since, as he shows, the first printed edition was made from the very worst of the manuscripts in existence, and all subsequent editions have been vitiated directly or indirectly through its influence. Existing manuscripts, he concludes, unite in a common source in the early Carolingian period, but this manuscript was lost. It was the parent, however, of two copies once belonging respectively to the monasteries of Fulda and Hersfeld. The latter was used by Gelenius in the preparation of his edition (1533), but was subsequently lost, and only six detached sheets have been recovered. The former contains eighteen books, all of Ammianus now known, and is the source, directly or indirectly, of all other existing manuscripts except the fragment just mentioned. Of course, Mr. Clark's work must stand on its own basis, but there is good indication that it has a basis to stand on, in the fact that while his researches were in progress the Prussian Acedemy of Sciences voted him a subvention of 1,500 marks, on motion of the late Professor Mommsen. The settling of the relative merits of the manuscripts naturally paved the way for a complete critical

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edition of the text. Dr. Clark has this well under way, and it will appear in the near future, from the press of Weidmann, in Berlin.

Each successive number of 'The Poultry Book' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) sustains the interest of its predecessor. It promises, when completed, to be the most comprehensive treatise of its kind yet printed. Each subject is handled by a writer especially competent and learned. The absence of abstruse technicalities makes the text easily understood by the novice, as well as a suggestive guide to the more experienced. Both classes will profit by the practical and thorough presentation of every phase of poultry-breeding, rearing, and housing. Parts v. to viii. are last to hand.

Four new instalments of Attilio Pagliani's invaluable 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana, 1847-1899' (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) complete the second volume (L—O), and make a good start in P. The compiler's own name appears in the list of authors, in connection with a catalogue of periodicals received by the Genoa Library in 1896. The Italian men of science continue to occupy much space with their numerous monographs. Mazzini is still a living classic to his countrymen, and fills two pages. The last edition of Muratori's 'Annali' was in 1870, but his inedited writings have kept his memory burnished. Horace, among the ancients, leads with two and a half pages, to Ovid's one, and Homer's one and a half. Among French writers, Pascal is conspicuous by his absence; Musset is still read in fresh editions, but piecemeal; Michelet's History of the French Revolution was translated anew as recently as 1898. Milton is alive in the Italian press, and Tom Moore's "National Airs" and "Lives of the Angels" were reproduced in 1893 and 1898, a fact to be noted. But Mayne-Reid is foremost, filling one and a quarter columns, and putting in a fresh appearance as late as 1896. John Stuart Mill's 'Liberty' was revived in 1895, but otherwise he seems to be a back number in the peninsula. For the rest, there is a liberal assortment of the graceful Italian *Memoria, Omaggio, Onoranze,* besides *Memorie, Notizie, Osservazione,* and *Parole* galore.

'Völkerkunde,' a posthumous work of Dr. Heinrich Schurtz (Leipzig), forms the sixteenth number of the series "Die Erdkunde." It is a volume of no particular use to the advanced student of the subject, but might render valuable service as an elementary textbook. The physical criteria of race-distinction are briefly enumerated, as are the typical forms of the industrial organization, religion, etc. Upon the basis thus laid, the author attempts a classification of mankind by races, with the usual negative results. Directions for independent work in ethnology close the volume—which has no index. The illustrations are often derived from important originals, but are poorly reproduced. One of the most curious suggestions in the book is to the effect that the hairy, bearded Aino stock of Japan was once a widely spread palæo-Asiatic race, and that it is now represented by not a few Russian types, one of which is Tolstoy himself!

With the January number, the *Burlington Magazine* is transferred to the lengthening list of Macmillan importations. It announces a change in editorial policy, promising a less exclusively antiquarian bias; but the results of the innovations hardly appear in this first issue, which, exceptionally, is delayed. Dr. Lippman, the Berlin curator who did so much to interpret early Italian woodcuts, is the subject of an appreciative obituary. Max Roldit concludes his survey of the little-known collection of the Earl of Normanton at Somerley, Hampshire. Remarkable here is a painting of Rubens of a "Young Lioness at Play." Four excellent works of Aart van der Neer are reported, but not reproduced. Greuze is in force, notably in an affected but still appealing likeness of the cantatrice Sophie Arnould. Mr. Weale returns to the vexed question of Hubert and Jan van Eyck, marshalling old testimony and adding new to prove that many pictures show knowledge of Southern monuments, and that these paintings are all by the mysterious Hubert. Larger interests are broached by Mr. Laurence Binyon in his discussion of "A Chinese Painting of the Fourth Century." He attempts nothing less than the overthrow of the traditional idea that Chinese painting is derivative from the Buddhist art of India—a large and suggestive sermon from so slight a text. The newly associated editor, Mr. A. J. Holmes, treats "Cotman as a Painter in Oils," an article valuable inversely to its brevity, for it suggests that many fine works by Cotman have slipped into the anonymous or misnamed classes. Essays on lace and old Staffordshire salt-glaze remind us that the *Burlington* regards nothing artistic as foreign to itself. The magazine is the only serious art publication in English, and promises to be increasingly valuable.

The story of the organization of northern Nigeria under British rule, told in the *Geographical Journal* for January by its high commissioner, Gen. Sir F. D. Lugard, is most interesting and suggestive. The problem which confronted him was how to bring under administrative control a region half as large again as France, inhabited by untold millions of people tyrannized over by a race of slave-raiders. The main principle upon which he founded his government was to rule through native chiefs, and so successful has he been that in two years and a half the supremacy of Great Britain has been established, the *pax Britannica* prevails, and slave-raiding has become a thing of the past. The main need now is cheap means of transport to the great waterways by which the products of the land, and especially its cotton, can be brought to the world markets. In this connection, Sir Frederick, whose African experience is unexcelled, affirms that the development of the continent would be advanced far more by uniting the Nile and Niger Basins than by the Cape-to-Cairo scheme. Another need is reforestation, to stop the alarming decrease of the Niger. Parts of the river were navigable a few years ago for steamers drawing eight feet of water, where now only vessels of three feet draught can go. The importation of liquor is strictly prohibited, notwithstanding the fact that if it were admitted the administrative expenses could be met by the increased revenue. Gen. Lugard gives an interesting account of the ancient city of Kano, of whose forty-two kings, reigning for a period of 768 years, records remain, and of its dungeon, whose horrors far excelled those of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Apropos of the Tibetan mission, Douglas W. Freshfield describes the routes from India to Lhasa, which, he says, is only eight days' journey, so good are the roads from the frontier. Mr. W. S. Barclay contributes a graphic sketch of three fast-disappearing Fuegan tribes, one of which, the Onas, possesses some remarkably fine traits. They consider it unmanly to show hunger or fatigue. Their affection for their children is wonderful, and twenty years of unscrupulous trading has not conquered their aversion to spirits.

—In the February *Century* John Burroughs again battles against the self-styled "Modern School of Nature Study," this time in a less personal but perhaps more effective way than before. By permission, extracts are given from recent correspondence with President Roosevelt, which place the President not exactly in harmony with either party to the discussion, but clearly much nearer to Mr. Burroughs than to the "Moderns." Mr. Burroughs holds rigidly to his contention that the lower animals come into the world with an instinctive tendency to perform all the important acts of life in the right way and at the right time, and do not have to learn these acts through the medium of conscious instruction by the parent. In the present article he has guarded himself more carefully against the misconceptions and misrepresentations of his own views from which he has suffered in the discussion of the past year. Dr. Roger S. Tracy discusses the important question "How to Live Long." Greater care in eating is the chief point in his solution. Doubtless most well-informed persons will agree with him that reasonable limitation of the amount eaten is a prime necessity, but his gropings for a scientific basis for a *materia alimentaria* do not carry conviction. He starts with the assumption that the period since the introduction of cooked food is so short, as compared with the ages during which primitive man fed himself without the aid of fire, that the real needs of our physical nature, developed by the enforced habits of earlier ages and passed on by inheritance, have not been materially altered by the artificial habit of cooking, a mere temporary fad of only a few thousand years' duration. Hence we are to take it for granted that articles which we now instinctively reject as unpalatable in the raw state, such as beets, potatoes, and probably all kinds of flesh, formed no part of our early food, and are, therefore, to be looked upon with suspicion. Among the lighter topics of the number, Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bric-à-brac Auctions in New York" and Joseph Pennell's "In the Alps on a Motor-Bicycle" are most attractive.

—If Professor Lounsbury's recent articles in *Harper's* have gone to the extreme in asserting the rights of the democracy in determining linguistic usage, Alice Meynell certainly evens the score in the February issue. Rising above the level of those who have water to draw and wood to hew, and hence cannot have time for the finer points of linguistic education, she devotes herself to the thesis that "of two educated ways of pronouncing a word or shaping a phrase, one is a little the more educated." The "trick of education" is instinctively to choose the latter. For

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example, you must pronounce the word *girl* with the vowel sound of *care*. Even though you be a poet, you must not construe your poetic license broadly enough to rhyme it with *pearl*, or *churl*, on penalty of outer darkness. Mrs. Meynell's "trick of education" does not make her infallible as to current facts of usage, as, for instance, when she gives Americans high credit for never either writing or speaking "the most uncouth of phrases," *I should like you to come*. The occupant of the Easy Chair wields the stiletto with perhaps more deftness than justice in the remark that biography is more depressing than autobiography "because it does not end well, or, as the friends of ending well prefer to say, it does not end up well." In discussing the recent autobiographies of Stoddard and Trowbridge, the Easy Chair deprecates the tendency of autobiographers to abandon their subject for stories or studies of others; autobiography is like charity in beginning at home, but, unlike charity, it is best when it stays there. Dr. Frederick A. Cook contributes a second paper on his attempts to ascend Mount McKinley. He is not as yet convinced that the ascent is impossible, but in difficulties and disappointments he regards the task as comparable only with the search for the North Pole. His estimate of the slope as an average of 45 degrees for at least 14,000 feet is certainly not very encouraging.

—The February *Scribner's* has the first of three instalments from the private correspondence of Mrs. George Bancroft during the three years of Mr. Bancroft's service as minister to England. The chief interest of the letters is the opportunity which they give to trace the impressions of travel and residence in foreign court circles upon the mind of a home-keeping New England woman of the old type. London dinginess aroused at first sight the New England housewife's aversion to dirt: "Some of the finest houses look to me as though I would like to give them a good scouring." It was but a few days, however, until the real London began to take hold upon her imagination. The air of resignation with which she submits to social customs less strict than those of her home circle—"I do not like dining with bare arms and neck, but I must"—reminds one of the good old Quaker lady in court, when told that she must take an oath: "Well, I suppose if I must I must: ——!" We learn incidentally that Mr. Bancroft gave his spare moments to Tacitus on the way over. A few weeks after he had entered upon the duties of his office, we find the two together studying Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' as a means of understanding the English mind on the side of its then current scientific bent. T. R. Sullivan gives an account of the Alfieri Centennial at Asti, held on October 8, the anniversary of the poet's death, and Helen Rutherford Ely describes appreciatively "Some Gardens in Spain." Their beauty she finds in their trees, flowers, and running water, without any aid from the architectural features so common in Italian gardens. Russell Sturgis describes, with three illustrations, the new screen-wall and doorways which have been erected in front of the old church of St. Bartholomew, in memory of the younger Cornelius Vanderbilt. In comparing the work with that of the Trinity porch in Boston, he regards the New York effort as "a very serious and manly attempt to utilize modern knowledge and modern facilities in the preparation of sculpture for architectural composition," while the Trinity porch shows a closer study of Romanesque models.

—The February *Atlantic* opens its columns to two separate defences of present tendencies in the financial and commercial world, as against the prevalent distrust and criticism which those tendencies have aroused. The plea of John Graham Brooks is that the public should not confuse with commercialism itself the really small fraction of incompetence, greed, and dishonesty which is found in commerce as well as in all other fields of human activity. One feels, however, that Mr. Brooks, as well as Mr. C. A. Conant, who writes on "Wall Street and the Country," unduly minimizes the seriously objectionable features of the present situation. When men controlling amounts of capital scarcely dreamed of under unified management until within the present decade, are found capable of the most brazen misrepresentations in order to increase their own gains at the expense of the uninformed investor, one cannot be contented with the assertion that there is probably as much abuse in chemistry as in commercialism, in proportion to the mass. Mr. Conant deprecates any attempt to control the matter by legislation, or, apparently, by efforts to enforce legislation already in existence. Clarence A. Poe, a North Carolina editor, contributes a ten-page discussion of lynching. Most of what he says is very encouraging, coming from a Southern point of view, but it is impossible to agree with him in the opinion that delays and uncertainties of the law play any great part as incentives to lynching. Will any one point out the Southern localities in which the courts have shown themselves unwilling or unable to mete out due justice to negro criminals proved by reasonable evidence to be guilty of assaults upon white women? It is wide of the fact, also, to find in aspirations toward social equality a cause of criminal assaults upon white women. Such criminals are almost exclusively from a class too far brutalized to possess aspirations in that or any other direction. Mr. Poe places great hope in the education of the negro, especially his industrial education, and makes short work of the false assertion of Vardaman, and his like, that the census statistics show the educated negro to be more addicted to crime than the illiterate.

—Mr. Thomas E. Watson has written his 'Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson' (Macmillan) with a twofold purpose. He believes that injustice has been done to Jefferson by Northern historians, and that the same historians have done the South less than justice in dwelling upon the minor incidents of Northern, while slighting those of the Southern Revolutionary campaigners. Jefferson, regarded as the father of Democracy, becomes sponsor for all that the Democracy of Mr. Watson accepts as true doctrine. The book is, therefore, a defence of Jefferson and an exposition of modern "Democracy"—shall we say of the Populist stripe? That might be unjust to Mr. Watson, because even Populism has shifted its ground in recent years, tempering its views through defeat. From every point of view the result is interesting. We have Jefferson drawn by an ardent admirer, fresh from the study of Jefferson's antagonist, Napoleon; pungent criticism of critics of Jefferson and his policy; an application of Jefferson's views to current politics; and much display of the social and political opinions of Thomas E. Watson. Half a century ago, the book would have been entitled 'Notes in Answer to a Life of Jefferson by ——,' and frankly published as a controversial work. The objects of Mr. Watson's wrath are not of exceeding merit, and writers like Curtis, Fisher, and Lodge do not demand serious examination. Channing is better worth a reply, and Henry Adams is, of course, a writer whom no one has thus far proved capable of answering. Yet Mr. Watson devotes pages to the slips and errors of the lesser three, much less space to Channing, and almost no space to Adams.

—This lack of appreciation of authorities colors the whole book, and is not confined to the criticisms on other writers. Jefferson becomes *the* man of the times, and the South receives more than its due credit. The opponents of Jefferson are unduly wicked, and the friends of Jefferson, like Monroe, Paine, and even Burr, are exalted for that reason. If Northern historians have erred in one direction, Mr. Watson equally errs in the other. In spite of this, his work deserves to be read, for it is very readable, and at no time more so than when Mr. Watson explains his own views. "The guilty men whom all should despise are greedy protectionists who demand the law, and the cowardly politician who gives it to them." "We doubt if even his [Jefferson's] wildest fears could have pictured a situation in which Congress is not allowed to put the income tax upon a millionaire, and when the sympathizer with labor is enjoined from persuasion and peaceful aid." In the chapter on "Political Opinions" few would recognize some of the views as those of Jefferson, while they are properly those of extreme Populism. Intemperate epithets abound, and the praise bestowed on France, Lyon, and Burr is as unbalanced as the dislike shown towards Hamilton, Morris, Wolcott, and Bayard.

—The history of political theory has hitherto been distinctly a German province, but American and English scholars, following the lead of Sir Frederick Pollock, are now rapidly invading it. In 1902 we had Professor Dunning's 'History of Political Theories,' and this year Professor Willoughby's 'Political Theories of the Ancient World.' Two other important works in the same field have now appeared. 'The Development of European Polity' is a posthumous volume of lectures by Henry Sidgwick, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, edited from his notes by his widow, the Principal of Newnham College (Macmillan). It is an historical survey of political development from the dawn of history down to our own day, and is not concerned with the "particulars of history" as such, but only with the "general facts that these exemplify." It thus resembles in method Sir John Seeley's 'Introduction to Political Science,' which was edited and published by Sidgwick in 1896, and it forms an historical companion volume to the 'Elements of Politics,' in which Sidgwick has treated the structure and functions of the modern

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state. In this latest work, however, he traces the growth not only of the theories deducible from political facts, but also of purely literary theories in politics. The eighth, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth lectures contain an analysis of the political thought of Plato, Aristotle, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, while the views of Bodin, Bossuet, and other writers are noticed, more or less briefly. Of modern scholars, Bluntschli is the one most often criticised. As might be expected, the style is delightfully easy and clear, and the book full of suggestive ideas. Here and there one cannot help noticing gaps which the author, had he lived, would doubtless have filled in, as for instance in his treatment of the Physiocrats. Mrs. Sidgwick has well done her difficult task, and we can only regret her inability to furnish a complete list of her husband's books and authorities.

—'A History of Political Theory, from the Roman Lawyers of the Second Century to the Political Writers of the Ninth,' is the title of a new work by Mr. A. J. Carlyle (Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Putnams). It is the first volume of a "History of Mediæval Political Theory," which he is bringing out in collaboration with Mr. R. W. Carlyle. It deals strictly with theory, as found in literature or documents, and not with that which may be inferred from the nature of institutions. Before taking up the doctrines of the Roman lawyers, the author devotes two chapters to the political theories of Cicero and Seneca. After analyzing the theory of the civil law, he considers that of the New Testament and of the Fathers, and lastly treats the political doctrines of Bishop Hincmar of Rheims and of other writers in the century of Charles the Great. His main object, in which he succeeds, is to show that there is no breach of continuity between ancient and modern political thought, and that this kind of speculation did not disappear in the Middle Ages. The difficult subject is ably handled. The notes are full of convenient citations from the original sources, but the labors of foreign scholars in this particular field are scarcely recognized either in the notes or in the text.

SENATOR HOAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography of Seventy Years. By George F. Hoar. With portraits. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Mr. Hoar's reminiscences must be read in the light of his avowal that he is an optimist. He begins with it at page 3 of his first volume, and closes with it at page 439 of his second volume in the form of a *credo*. He is a pupil in optimism (for it is really a species of faith with him which he applies to God, to Man, to Politics, to himself, and to his friends and acquaintances) of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and he has added a chapter on his teacher which gives affecting evidence of his zeal and fidelity. This should have come at the beginning, for it explains a good deal of the book, and tends to disarm one hostile criticism which Mr. Hoar's volumes are likely to provoke in readers who are not avowed optimists—that is, that a calculated optimism is necessarily at war with literary interest. An author who recognizes it as his first duty to find good in everything (we may except, of course, the Democratic party, for there is no evidence in these pages that he sees any hope for that) must inevitably pursue a course which will in the end dull his critical, or judging, faculty. Especially will this be the case with those most precious parts of an autobiography which deal with the author's contemporaries and associates. The book abounds in sketches of this sort, but the portraits are drawn with an optimistic brush; this, by effacing harsh lines and putting in ameliorating touches, often impairs the likeness. For instance, in his account of the late Justice Gray, a strongly marked character, both professionally and individually, Mr. Hoar gives little or no hint of the qualities which gained him dislike; while in dealing with him as a judge, after noticing his passion for precedent, and his learning, Mr. Hoar says: "He was, I think, equally remarkable for the wisdom, good sense, and strength of his judgments." If he was, he was the most remarkable judge who ever sat on the Supreme bench, and in the same class with or even higher than Marshall and Story. Every lawyer knows how great his learning was, but this equalitarian judgment so exalts other qualities for which he was not especially remarkable that it makes the sketch uncharacteristic.

Occasionally the contrast between Mr. Hoar's optimism and his facts produces effects of which he evidently himself does not dream. Thus, President McKinley is said to have had a "lofty and beautiful character"; and "a very high place in history among the best and ablest men of the country" is predicted for him. He was a man of sentiment, too, and felt cruelly the breach which his foreign policy made between himself and the author:

"When I saw President McKinley early in December, 1898, he was, I suppose, committed to the policy to which he adhered. He greeted me with the delightful and affectionate cordiality which I always found in him. He took me by the hand, and said: 'How are you feeling this winter, Mr. Senator?' I was determined there should be no misunderstanding. I replied at once: 'Pretty pugnacious, I confess, Mr. President!' The tears came into his eyes, and he said, grasping my hand again: 'I shall always love you, whatever you do.'" (Vol. 2, p. 315.)

But when we come to inquire into the cause of Mr. Hoar's love and veneration for Mr. McKinley we are a good deal puzzled, for the accounts given of his *acts* are not such as to warrant any such opinion as is here expressed of his political character. His foreign policy is painted as the abomination of desolation, and the chief instrument of it in his management of domestic politics appears to have been wholesale corruption of the Senate:

"He made what was before but an individual and extraordinary instance, a practice. If that practice continues, it will go far, in my judgment, to destroy the independence and dignity of the Senate. That is, the appointment of members of the Senate to distinguished and lucrative places in the public service, in which they are to receive and obey the command of the Executive, and then come back to their seats to carry out as Senators a policy which they have adopted at the command of another power," etc. (Vol. 2, p. 47.)

This is reinforced by what Mr. Hoar says of the Spanish treaty: "The treaty would have been lost, in my opinion, if Senator Gray, one of the commissioners who made it, who earnestly protested against it, but afterwards supported it, *had not been a member of the commission*" (Vol. 2, p. 110). Are these the lineaments of a patriot President who is to occupy a high niche in the temple of fame, and whose beautiful character is to lead him to shed a memorable tear over the thought of the separation of his path of duty from the author's? Of minor characters, the multitude of sketches in which the book abounds sometimes resemble those notices of the deceased printed by clubs, in which the determined effort to be kindly ends in nothing but the commonplace. To take Mr. Hoar's word for it, the world in which he has lived, whether at Worcester or at Washington, has been a world of very remarkable men. But his method is not adapted to convincing us of it.

Every one has looked into this book to see how the author refutes the charge of sacrificing conscience to partisanship, without being much enlightened on the subject. It is evident that Mr. Hoar is a very conscientious public servant. He has represented Massachusetts at Washington so long that he has become the survivor of an earlier period of the republic. He began life under the shadow of Webster and Choate; he shared in the founding of the Republican party; he lived through the Reconstruction period. He has been faithful, zealous, industrious, and honest, and he has never hesitated to denounce the errors of his own party. His denunciation of the corruption of the Grant régime, which he reproduces here, rang through the country; his denunciation of the present colonial policy has been equally trenchant; he fought the Butler movement in Massachusetts without gloves. But he cannot leave the Republican party, and thinks that he has accomplished more by remaining in it than he could have accomplished by leaving it. Perhaps he is right, but he does not seem to perceive that his is an isolated case, and has little bearing on the question of conscience as it presents itself to the rank and file, or to persons holding high office outside the State of Massachusetts. Owing to a variety of circumstances not existing elsewhere, he has been allowed by his State to be a quasi-independent at Washington, but at the price of "regularity." This regularity has meant that he has had systematically to *dissuade* any one from leaving the party. In any other State he would have been turned out of his party and the Senate. But his attitude cannot be imitated by any ordinary voter. The latter has no part to play in the Senate or House; he only has a vote with which to act, and his only way to manifest his dissatisfaction with his party is to stay away from the polls or to vote for the opposing party. In theory, we know, he may go to the primaries, and secure the improvement of his party by action there, but this, in nine-tenths of the country, is mere theory. Consequently, for the ordinary voter, the only way to reprobate Blaine's candidacy was to vote for Cleveland (Mr. Hoar probably had no difficulty here, for he had a high opinion of Blaine), and many people thought in the last election that the most effective way of supporting Mr. Hoar's views was by voting for Bryan. But Mr. Hoar is bound by an unwritten law to dissuade people from doing anything of the kind. He says to the voter: "Look at me. Do I leave the party? Not a bit. I am independent with-

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in the party. Go thou and do likewise." To be entirely conscientious, Mr. Hoar should have urged people to vote as their consciences dictated, and welcomed their desertion from a party—even his own—whose policy he denounced. This is what his exemplars, Chatham and Fox, did. They did not throw up their seats in the House of Lords and House of Commons, but, while denouncing George III.'s acts, encouraged his opponents not merely to vote against him, but even to take up arms. Had Mr. Hoar followed in their footsteps, he would been sent home to Worcester long ago. This is the point at which admiration of his good qualities is dampened by the reflection that he has never given the highest proof of disinterestedness. To say that he has a conscience and does not obey it, is a libel. To say that he has a conscience, but obeys it only to a certain point, is true. That this point is just on the line that self-interest also indicates, is always a misfortune for a good man; and so Mr. Hoar has found.

Mr. Hoar's defects as a writer of autobiography are apparent, and they obscure the real merits of a man who has grown gray in the public service. Thirty-eight years is a long time for any man to serve the State, and his honors have all come to him unsolicited. He says with justifiable pride that, in the many cases in which he has taken a position opposed to his party, he has been justified in the end; so that he has good ground for believing that the result will be the same with regard to the Philippines. He occupies to-day a very singular position in being one of the few men left in the Senate who have real convictions, and, above all, the fundamental conviction that it is the duty of a member of a legislative body to declare his honest opinions and be governed by them. He is, in other words, an old-fashioned representative of a State, such as all Senators once were, and neither the paid employee of the Executive nor the agent of a machine, guided by a boss, and looking elsewhere for his conscience and his mind. In his kindly old age he likes to think that the Senate is still a body of representatives such as he knew it to be in his youth; but no one else thinks so. To everybody but himself he is an isolated figure; if any one familiar with Washington as it is wishes to know how isolated, let him read his "fish-ball" letter—the best bit of autobiography in the book—in which he tells a journalistic libeller how he lives and works. Poor, where others have grown corruptly rich; outspoken, where others have profited by a time-serving silence; industrious in old age as in youth; a good deal of egotism and partisanship will be pardoned to him as long as he lives.

Like all partisans, Mr. Hoar is very much disposed to casuistry. Like all lawyers, he is apt to come to a public question as if he held a brief on one side or the other. Like many Republicans who would sixty years ago have been Whigs, he has no very well-defined economical or Constitutional principles. He seems to have been taken in, as so many leading men in Massachusetts were, by "bimetallism," and he has never had in the Senate the weight of lawyers like Edmunds or Fessenden. He avows himself the author of the unfortunate Anti-Trust law falsely attributed to John Sherman, and seems to be proud of it. His skill, mainly dialectical, is frequently employed in making the worse appear the better reason. He comes out very triumphantly on the question of "packing" the Supreme Court to reverse the decision in Hepburn vs. Griswold; but it is to our mind a barren triumph. How could the court have been packed, he asks, to reverse a decision when both Grant and his Attorney-General affirm that they had no knowledge of the decision, or what it would be, before it was announced? This is very effective as a reply to critics who maintained that Messrs. Strong and Bradley were selected for the purpose of *reversing the decision;* but it does not at all affect the fact that, as many have believed, they were selected in great measure because of their known views on the question of the Constitutionality of the Legal-Tender law. This difficulty must have occurred to Mr. Hoar (though he does not say so), for he dwells strongly on the only possible alternative—that the two judges were selected solely because of their professional eminence, and fortifies himself by a declaration that, since Marshall, no judge greater than Justice Bradley has sat on the bench. The impression of those who differ from Mr. Hoar is that Messrs. Bradley and Strong's chief recommendation was not any extraordinary ability or repute, but that they were likely to be "sound" on this question. Of course this is not the same thing as "packing" the Supreme Court to obtain the reversal of a decision already rendered, but we think that the appointment of the two judges was open to criticism as a blow at the independence of the court. Mr. Hoar, having refuted the original charge, winds up with a denial that there was "any evidence" that the appointments were made even because of their "possible effect" on the fate of the Legal-Tender law. But the evidence, if any, consisted in part in the professional standing of the new judges. If it is true that Grant and the Attorney-General saw them to be a Marshall and a Story in embryo, and they really turned out so, there is nothing more to be said. We doubt very much, however, whether a Marshall and a Story would have allowed themselves, under the circumstances, to be parties to a reopening of the case. We may add that, at the time, no one would have imagined that either Mr. E. R. Hoar or Grant was incapable of thinking of the "possible effect" of the appointment of these judges on the fate of the Legal-Tender law.

TURGENEFF AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood, with an introduction by Henry James. In fifteen volumes. Scribners. Vols. i.-vi. 1903.

The Novels of Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. In fifteen volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1894-99.

Among Russian writers, Tolstoy deservedly and almost without dispute holds first place. Of the other Russian novelists only Turgeneff has achieved enduring fame among English readers. Dostoyevski and Gogol are known to comparatively few. Gorky has attained great popularity, but whether his present fame will be lasting is open to grave doubts. But Turgeneff, with no intense moral convictions to appeal to our Puritan instincts, with no novel ideas of social reform to excite popular interest, as in the case of Tolstoy; with no picturesque personal history to arouse our curiosity, as in the case of Gorky, has gained both in England and in America an audience fit and not few, by the purely artistic excellence of his work. Twenty years have now passed since his death, and this audience seems to be still increasing. The appearance of an American edition of his collected novels and stories, so soon after the completion of the version by Mrs. Garnett, is a proof that the publishers have confidence in the good taste of the American public, rather than an additional tribute to Turgeneff's fame.

It is of the utmost importance that so great an author as Turgeneff should be well translated into English. On the one hand he makes relatively small demands on his translator's knowledge of Russian. He uses few baffling popular idioms, little slang, little "dialect." He differs from Gorky much as Goldsmith differs from Kipling. His easy, flowing diction makes his novels suitable text-books for beginners in Russian. On the other hand, a translator of Turgeneff should himself be a master of English style. For Turgeneff, like the French writers whom he admired and from whom he drew inspiration, loved style for its own sake; an artist by nature, he made perfection of æsthetic form an end in itself. No harsh, discordant note offends us in his simple yet poetic prose.

This special grace of Turgeneff, we must freely admit, rarely appears in either of his recent translators. Both Mrs. Garnett and Miss Hapgood know Russian well, and each makes an ordinarily faithful version. Both usually write simple and idiomatic English, but neither produces work of marked literary excellence. The two translations are, then, of essentially the same character. Their differences become evident only on detailed comparison. The present writer has read through 'A Nobleman's Nest' (Miss Hapgood's title; Mrs. Garnett's is 'A House of Gentlefolk') and three sketches from the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman' (or 'A Sportsman's Sketches') in the Russian, and compared the text with both translations wherever the rendering seemed likely to present some difficulty.

Mistakes of the sense are not hard to find in either version. In cases like the following, Mrs. Garnett is apparently misled by a lack of familiarity with Russian customs and scenery:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—to whom he was related as co-sponsor at a baptism (iv., 56).	—to whom he happened to be godfather (ii., 54).
—the long strips of turf between the cultivated sections (iv., 109).	—the long hedgerows (ii., 109).
—the room for the holy pictures, a tiny chamber, with bare walls and a heavy shrine of images in the corner (iv., 115).	—a picturesque little room, with bare walls, and a heavy case of holy images in the corner (ii., 115).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett may have been led astray by Alexandroff's dictionary. In the second passage, Turgeneff's "boundary-lines" (*mezhi*) may have been either strips of turf or deep furrows; they cannot have been hedgerows. Here Mrs. Garnett transfers the scenery of merry England to the broad, mournful steppes of Russia. In the third citation, aside from any reference to Russian customs, the fan-

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tastic quality of Mrs. Garnett's phrase should have attracted her attention.

At other times Mrs. Garnett has made careless slips or has failed to understand the Russian.

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—the old man . . . tossed about for a long time (iv., 228). "But set thy joints! to that end thou art a human being, a man; thou hast no need to borrow energy!" (iv., 144).	—the old man . . . kept muttering a long while (ii., 230). "Well, it's for you to straighten yourself! What's the good of being a man, a male animal?" (ii., 145).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett confuses *vorochalsya* (tossed about) with *vorchal* (muttered). In the second she omits a difficult phrase and mistranslates what she attempts.

Miss Hapgood apparently makes fewer errors of the first class. But we read:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—a wealthy distiller (iv., 141) —a short, snuff-colored frock-coat, with a sharp-pointed collar (iv., 153).	—a spirit-tax contractor (ii., 142). —a rather short snuff-colored coat with a swallow-tail (ii., 154).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett translates the noun correctly, though "farmer of the spirit tax" would be better; but she carelessly omits the adjective "wealthy." Miss Hapgood's translation of *frak* by "frock-coat" instead of "dress-coat" is repeated in another place (iv., 249), and there Mrs. Garnett (ii., 253) unfortunately falls into the same error.

Mistakes of the second class are not infrequent in Miss Hapgood.

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"She is a modest, modest creature," — she thought—"and exactly like a young girl still" (iv., 257). To be young, and be able to do a thing — that can be borne; but to grow old, and not have the power—is painful (iv., 156). —a dull, but quivering voice (iv., 277).	"She is humble, very humble," she thought, "but still she is a lioness" (ii., 261-2). To be young and to fail is bearable; but to be old and not be successful is hard to bear (ii., 157). —a low but startlingly impressive voice (ii., 282).
No one knows, no one has seen, and no one ever will see, how that which is called into life and blossom pours forth and matures grain in the bosom of the earth (iv., 203).	No one knows, no one has seen, nor will ever see, how the grain, destined to life and growth, swells and ripens in the bosom of the earth (ii., 204).

In the first citation Miss Hapgood has read *devitsa* (young girl) instead of *l'vitsa* (lioness), an easy mistake, since "d" and "l" look much alike in the Russian alphabet. In the second case, neither translation is satisfactory, Miss Hapgood's becoming nonsense through the accidental omission of a negative. A better rendering would be: "To be young and not know how is bearable, but to grow old and lack strength is a grievous thing." The concluding quotations from Miss Hapgood are plain mistranslations.

In 'A Nobleman's Nest' and 'A House of Gentlefolk' we have found almost exactly the same number of errors. In the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman,' however, Miss Hapgood's rendering seemed decidedly the more accurate. Perhaps we have said enough to show that while neither translator can lay claim to scientific precision, Miss Hapgood has on the whole a slight advantage over her predecessor.

One should not lay too much stress on these errors of detail. They can be entirely avoided only by the coöperation of several scholars, or by work "with the former translations diligently compared and revised." In the present case the latter method of work would presumably offend against the ethics of authorship, if not against the letter of the copyright law.

We remark, in passing, that Miss Hapgood has at last given us the correct translation of the title of the novel we have been discussing. Lavretsky, the hero, is cursed by his aunt, who foretells that he will never be able to build himself a nest, that he must wander all his life. The novel contains the fulfilment of the prediction. Hence the insufficiency of the titles, 'A House of Gentlefolk,' and 'A Nest of *Nobles*,' as the novel was called by Ralston. But the Russians, by a metaphor which becomes strained and poetic in English, often use *nest* in the sense of *home*.

A comparison of the English style of the two translations yields more definite results. At the first glance a reader notices Miss Hapgood's continual use of *thou* in her conversations. The Russians use the singular of the second personal pronoun in much the same way as the French and Germans, to express affection, familiarity, contempt, condescension. *Thou* had once the same sense in English, but the idiom is now as dead as any idiom can well be; not one among fifty readers of Chaucer or Shakspere notices the delicate shades of meaning expressed by it. *Thou* has a meaning for us only in religious, archaistic, or consciously rhetorical passages. Translators of French or German novels do not ordinarily use *thou* to render the conversational *tu* or *du*, and there is no reason for a different practice in regard to Russian authors. An example will illustrate:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"Thou sayest that, my good sir, because thou hast never been married thyself" (iv., 10).	"You say that, my good sir, because you have never been married yourself" (ii., 8).

In Russian the singular pronoun helps to express an old lady's contempt for the town gossip. The slur could be reproduced in English only by a stage-direction. Again, one of Lavretsky's passing thoughts becomes grotesque in Miss Hapgood's version:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"O how charmingly thou standest on my pond!" (iv., 155).	"Oh, how sweet you are, bending over my pond!" (ii., 156).

Aside from this peculiarity, we have noted in our reading of 'A Nobleman's Nest' some forty passages in which Miss Hapgood's rendering seemed less happy than that of her predecessor, and only a dozen in which the reverse was true. The 'Memoirs of a Sportsman' gave evidence pointing in the same direction, though by no means so emphatic. In general, Miss Hapgood's tendency is to translate too literally, foregoing English idioms. Thus:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—"nothing affects thee any more than water does a goose" (iv., 41). "Well, new-ground, undried noblewoman" (iv., 59). —in the French language of girls' institutes (iv., 154). The "system" bewildered the boy, introduced confusion into his head, squeezed it (iv., 71). —everybody was making haste to enjoyment, everything was whirling round in a sort of mad whirlwind (iv., 57).	—it's all like water on a duck's back for you" (ii., 39). "Well, my upstart lady" (ii., 59). —in boarding-school French (ii., 155): The "system" dazed the boy, confused and cramped his intellect (ii., 70-71). —all the world was hurrying after pleasure, in a giddy whirl of dissipation, and his head had been turned by the black eyes of a bold beauty (ii., 56).

In each of these cases Mrs. Garnett's version is more faithful, though not so literal. In the last quotation, however, Miss Hapgood carelessly omits an important phrase.

On the other hand we have:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—she lived in constant fear of something, never seemed to have had quite enough to eat (iv., 83).	She was always in a state of nervous agitation, seemed as though she were ill-nourished (ii., 82).

Here Miss Hapgood is more happy in phrasing, as well as more literal, than her English predecessor.

Finally, Mrs. Garnett seems to rise more often than Miss Hapgood to the possibilities of her subject, reproducing in English something of the simple eloquence of the original. Thus, in the following, Miss Hapgood's omission of a phrase is more easily pardoned than her unskilful construction of the whole passage:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—after that meeting—she could hesitate no longer; she knew that she loved,—and had fallen in love honorably, not jestingly, she had become strongly attached, for her whole life (iv., 237).	—after that meeting, after that kiss—she could hesitate no more: she knew that she loved, and now she loved honestly and seriously, she was bound firmly for all her life, and she did not fear reproaches (ii., 240).

The sumptuous volumes of the American translation will be preferred by those who like specially made paper, fine letterpress, tasteful binding, and artistic illustrations. In preparing these last, Mr. Du Mond is evidently ready to sacrifice local color for the sake of artistic effect. Thus, in the frontispiece to 'A Nobleman's Nest,' he shows us Liza, fishing-rod in hand, standing by the pond, dressed in an extremely low-cut gown. In the frontispiece to 'Rudin' we see Natálya at her farewell meeting with the hero. The scene is a gloomy, solitary lake; the time, morning; yet Natálya wears a similarly low-cut bodice. A Russian girl would as soon walk about a country estate by day in such a costume as an American banker would go golfing in his dress suit.

To her translation Miss Hapgood adds brief explanatory notes. These are well done, and not overdone; they give real help to the reader. Their absence in Mrs. Garnett's version is to be regretted.

Mr. James, in his introduction to the American edition, gives a charming though somewhat sleepy picture of Turgeneff as he appeared to his foreign friends and acquaintances during the later years of his life in Paris. The essay is the more welcome as it approaches Turgeneff from a point of view seldom taken by other critics. Mr. James further characterizes well some artistic peculiarities of Turgeneff's novels. He says nothing of the events of his life, and frankly renounces any attempt to treat of his position in the history of Russian literature, as of the moral and social tendencies which find expression in his stories. This defect Miss Hapgood partially supplies by her introductions to the separate novels. Those in the volumes before us are generally truthful and discreet, though we may quarrel with such a statement as: "Turgénieff was, evidently, of the opinion that there was no place or work for such people as Lavrétzky in Russia" (IV., viii.). Stepniak, in his introduction to Mrs. Gar-

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nett's translation (II., v.-xvii.), takes the opposite view, quite correctly, we think. Miss Hapgood's introductions sin most by brevity, and by the assumption of too much knowledge, on the reader's part, of Russian life and thought. Thus (IV., vii.), she refers briefly to "slavyánophilism" (a needless substitution for the ordinary form "Slavophilism"), without explaining the nature of the movement.

It is unfortunate that Turgeneff's critical essays, reminiscences, and correspondence are apparently not to be included in this new edition. They add much to the proper understanding of his work; are, indeed, indispensable to those who wish to study him carefully. Furthermore, his essay on "Hamlet and Don Quixote" is a contribution to the critical literature of the world.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

In many of Mr. James's novels Americans abroad are important figures, but it is long since he has permitted his wandering compatriots to occupy the scene so exclusively as they do in 'The Ambassadors.' The superficial differences between Americans and Europeans, so sharply defined in his earlier books, are in his latest one but lightly indicated; yet an enduring fundamental difference of natural outlook and attitude towards life is much more elaborately and profoundly studied. Thus, there is a tacit recognition of a modification of American asperities, or, at least, peculiarities, wrought by a generation of pretty intimate association with peoples whose manners are as good as, perhaps better than, their morals.

The Ambassadors in Paris excite neither curiosity nor surprise by their outward seeming, and something more than mere acquaintance would be necessary for a Parisian to discover the abiding foreignness of the inward breast. What comes out strongly in the earlier books is the effect, the upsetting effect, produced on Europe by Americans, their looks, their ways, and their money; but the great thing in the latest one is the effect of Europe, specifically of Paris, on the Ambassadors—the way Woollett standards of thought, of conduct, even of abstract right and wrong, are, temporarily at least, infected and impaired by actual agreeable contact with the way things are thought and felt and done in Paris.

Chad Newsome, during a prolonged voluntary exile from Woollett, took on a wonderful exotic air. The chief Ambassador, Lambert Strether, meeting Chad at the opera, is amazed at the ease, the grace, the external perfection of one whom he remembered as looking bold and wild. But as soon as Strether penetrates the surface, he recognizes his own; he knows that this dazzling vision is "only Chad," to which incontrovertible fact, sometime, far off perhaps, but surely in the end, Mme. de Vionnet would be sacrificed. The mission of Strether, who has issued forth from Woollett with credentials from an anxious mother, is to investigate Chad, to find out what sinister influences keep him in Paris, deaf to repeated maternal calls for his return. Strether is empowered to remonstrate with Chad, to cajole, to threaten, to bring him, no matter by what means, back to Woollett, to the flourishing industry which he has inherited, and which, with the benefit of his personal attention, is destined to become even more flourishing. The mission of the subsequent Ambassadors, Chad's own sister, Sarah, and her husband, Jim Pocock, is to find out what keeps Strether in Paris, to call him to account for neglect of official duty, for comprehensive failure, both as an ambassador and as a man once thought worthy of Mrs. Newsome's confidence, with whom she had gone so far as to express a willingness to share her declining years and the fortune of the late Mr. Newsome.

Woollett has always supposed that the sinister influence holding Chad in bondage is female—a supposition soon verified by Strether; but the verification, the recognition of some sort of a binding relation between Chad and Mme. de Vionnet doesn't help Strether to do his duty; it only provides him with confusing impressions, with endless contrasting and conflicting thoughts, feelings, and speculations, all serving rather to emphasize the wrongness of Woollett's judgment than the correctness of its gross suspicions. There had probably never been a time when Strether could have shuffled off a moral inheritance with the clever cynicism of his ambiguous cicerone, Miss Gostrey, or the indifference of the all-wise "Little Bilham." No! he could never have said, Evil be thou my good. At all events, the opportunity to deny his fathers' gods came too late. At fifty-five the best and the worst he could get out of Paris was a feast for a starved impressionability, a sensation from a woman of inexpressible charm which lifted her above the censure of Woollett, shamed the purpose of the embassy, and almost cast a halo round the treason of the ambassador. Sarah Pocock let him know that he had been guilty of treason, and made short work of the halo. Chad had tried to divert Sarah from her mission, from his own delinquency and Strether's, by treating the Pocock minatory expedition as if it were a family pleasure party. But though the lady graciously accepted attention, and though Jim succumbed at once, Strether knew in his guilty heart "that treating her handsomely buttered no parsnips; and that in fine there were moments when she felt the fixed eyes of her admirable, absent mother fairly screw into the flat of her back." On the day when the screw touched her marrow, she fell upon Strether. She put it to him straight—all the culpability of his condonation of Chad's hideous conduct; all the weakness of his surrender to Mme. de Vionnet and the blackness of his defence of that person, "when the most distinguished woman we shall either of us have seen in this world [Sarah's admirable mother] sits there insulted in her loneliness by your incredible comparison." Thus did Sarah sweep the cobwebs from Strether's brain, and force him to suspect that Chad's relation with Mme. de Vionnet involved an irreconcilable difference between Woollett and Paris. When he came more clearly to perceive how much he had been caught in a net, how much, perhaps, bamboozled by delicacy and grace conceivable only in the blameless, he understood at least that he was inevitably and by the nature or things committed to Woollett, and that he must go back to its dulness and its decency, its (humanly speaking) ghastly emptiness.

In the course of the story Strether asks "Little Bilham" a pointed question about Chad and the De Vionnets, mother and daughter. "I can only tell you," answers that youthful master of equivocation, "that it's what they pass for. But isn't that enough? What more than a vain appearance does the wisest of us know? I commend you the vain appearance." This answer suggests the substance of what seems to be Mr. James's theory of realistic representation. He strives constantly for the vain appearance. His plan of campaign is to show how an incident or train of incidents appears to one or two or twenty people, what each makes out of the complication, and how his interpretation affects his feeling, judgment, conduct. In life nobody ever knows (except by direct revelation or accident) the truth about anybody else, or exactly understands a situation in which he is not directly involved. But we are all always interested observers of other people, very keen about their affairs, guessing, implying, inferring. By delineating interested observers thus pleasantly engrossed in an interesting situation, Mr. James tries for very extended realistic representation, and very difficult, because part of his task is, through his various readings of the vain appearance, to show the truth, or, at least, to indicate the greater probability. In 'The Ambassadors' he permits an accident to reveal to Strether coldly and hardly a truth about which in the gray after years of Woollett he might have contrived to entertain a solacing doubt. We regret so definite a declaration, not only for poor dear Strether's sake, but also because it somewhat discredits a theory so admirably justified up to that point. After Sarah Pocock's onslaught, all the impressions are recorded, all the evidence is in. Strether and any readers who might still waver about a verdict should, we think, have had the chance. For ourselves, the vain appearance suffices, and we therefore offer for contemplation a possibly grave, certainly new, fault in Mr. James—that of having been too explicit.

The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston. By Elizabeth Preston Allan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Mrs. Preston was known to a former generation of readers of poetry through several small volumes of verse, and a considerable number of contributions to magazines, which showed a more than common depth of feeling and gracefulness of expression. In the comparatively short list of men and women of the South who have deserved literary distinction, she holds an honorable place for poetic talent. But the story of her life which her stepdaughter, Mrs. Allan, presents, will probably interest the larger number of readers on account of its "Journal of the War Times" written in Mrs. Preston's town of Lexington, Virginia, which occupies many pages of this memoir. Mrs. Preston was the daughter of the Rev. George Junkin, for some time President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, who for the thirteen years just preceding the outbreak of the Civil War was at the head of the Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) to which Gen. Robert E. Lee came as President after the downfall of the Confederacy. Her husband, whom she married in her mature life, had been the organizer and first professor of the Virginia

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Military Institute, where "Stonewall" Jackson was teaching mathematics when the family of the Rev. Dr. Junkin arrived in Lexington. It is, then, in that little Lexington world, tributary in so many ways to the fame of the Southern army, that the central interest of the biography lies.

Jackson married Miss Eleanor Junkin, who appears to have had much to do in the formation of his severe religious temper, especially in the direction of Sunday keeping, although their married happiness was cut short by Mrs. Jackson's death a little more than a year after their union. The Junkins were descendants of Scotch Covenanters, and, therefore, bred in an austere Calvinism; but Lexington, too, was full of old Scotch-Irish families, so that the germs of his subsequent pious zeal were undoubtedly quite ready to be quickened into overmastering vigor before Jackson met the woman whose influence remained a holy memory to his death. Upon their wedding journey Jackson spent a Sunday afternoon in witnessing a militia drill, and was gently remonstrated with by his wife for secularizing sacred time, whereupon he promised to give a thorough consideration to the Sunday question, with the result of a state of conviction which had, among its many illustrations, this singular instance. When, in the winter of 1861-2, he ordered an expedition for breaking the Chesapeake Canal at Shepardstown, he hastened a special messenger after the expedition to command that a new stock of powder should be secured to replace some which had been necessarily collected by the officers of the party on Sunday.

The few of Jackson's letters here printed are confined simply to domestic matters; but Major (afterwards Lieut.-Col.) Preston, as commandant of the Military Institute, was often ordered to critical points with his cadets, and wrote many impressive accounts of occurrences, perhaps the most important being his narrative of the hanging of John Brown in December, 1859. The story of Brown's imperturbability during the execution will always be read with the deep admiration for the man which Major Preston could not suppress.

"The wagon drove to the foot of the gallows and Brown descended with alacrity and without assistance, and ascended the steep steps to the platform. His manner was free from trepidation, but his countenance was not without concern, and it seemed to me to have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved blindfold a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground.

"He stood for ten or fifteen minutes blindfold, the rope around his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act. But he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position, and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly, to see if I could perceive any signs of shrinking or trembling in his person. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Col. Smith announce to the sheriff, 'We are all ready, Mr. Campbell.' The sheriff did not hear, or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the announcement was made. But the culprit still stood steady until the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet severed the rope that held up the trap-door.

"In all that array there was not, I suppose, one throb of sympathy for the offender. All felt in the depths of their heart that it was right. On the other hand, there was not one word of exultation or insult. From the beginning to the end all was marked by the most absolute decorum and solemnity."

Although the older heads of Lexington shrank from the possibility of war which some of them, Major Preston among them, felt would end in disaster to the South, yet the College and Institute youth were, many of them, from the hotbeds of secession, and the war spirit inevitably waxed furious. In the early days of 1862, Mrs. Preston's journal records:

"War is destroying and paralyzing all before it. Our schools are closed, all the able-bodied men gone, stores shut up, or only here and there one open. The college has five students, boys too young to enter the army; the Institute is full, 250 cadets being in it. For months we have had no service at night in any church in town, to save lights and fuel. We hesitate about engaging in anything. Is it worth while to have a garden made? We may be flying before an advancing Federal army before many weeks. One thing is a matter of general surprise, the entire quietness and subordination of the negroes. We have slept all winter with the doors of our house, inside and outside, all unlocked; indeed, the back door has not even a hasp upon it and stands open, and some $600 worth of silver, most of it in an unlocked closet, is in the dining-room. There is not, and never has been, a particle of fear of anything like an insurrectionary movement."

With the inflated prices which followed this distress, it is noteworthy that the price of negroes also rose: "A young girl sold on the street the other day for a few dollars short of $2,000. Heard of a not at all likely woman of forty and her two babies selling for $3,000."

Each hour brought tidings of the death in battle of the men of that community, many families had four or five sons in the army, none were exempt from some male contribution, and the atmosphere was of constant fear and sorrow. The long-looked-for Federal invasion did not come till the summer of 1864, but then the Institute was burned and every building which was related to its existence, while houses were ransacked for food or articles tributary to the continuance of the war. Col. Preston's losses left him from comparative affluence a poor man. Yet amid all this tragedy and with eyes too delicate for much use, with, moreover, the cares of a large household pressing upon her with its traditions of hospitality to an extensive family connection, Mrs. Preston snatched some moments for her poetry, although now it was mostly of the sort which moved the patriotic heart of the Confederate soldiers to courage and patience.

After the subsidence of the war tempest, life at last settled down into serene enjoyment not alone of her personal friends, but of those who knew her only through her verses. As an inside view of the ante-bellum condition of cultivated Southern society her story is valuable.

The Journal of Montaigne's Travels. Translated and edited by W. G. Waters. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The three pretty volumes of this version of Montaigne's impressions of German and Italian travels form a welcome addition to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's revision of the 'Essays' translated by Cotton, and noticed in these columns some months ago. Comparatively few of the essayist's devotees at the present time know more of his entertaining wanderings than can be gathered from Sainte-Beuve's study in the 'Nouveaux Lundis'; and Mr. Waters is therefore to be congratulated on his reintroduction to current literature of a narrative of singular value to the student of bygone manners, and indispensable to a complete knowledge of the great writer's character. It might be wished that a fair proportion of contemporary translations showed an equal measure of sound knowledge and critical taste; for, in this instance, common difficulties were increased by the fact that about one-half of the work was dictated to an amanuensis, while in much of the remaining part undertaken by Montaigne in person the language used was Italian. To preserve a uniform evenness of tone, and, at the same time, to convey in the English rendering an unobtrusive quaintness of style, is under such conditions no trifling achievement. Examples of the points here noted are to be found in the account of German housekeeping (I., 129), the varied impressions of Rome (II., *passim*), and the very lively sketches of the valetudinarian's life at Bagni di Lucca (III., 37). An accurate introduction, of twenty-four pages, condenses explanation into useful and compact limits.

On Montaigne as a traveller among books our readers assuredly need no commentary; but not many would suspect that in the studious country gentleman there also dwelt the stuff of a genuine tourist, alive to all novelties, catholic in sympathies, infinitely cheery as a companion, and indefatigable in activity. That his reflections are free from the "easy insignificance of thought" that marks the hasty generalizer will surprise no one. In these wanderings of his, which carried him across France to northern Switzerland, through Bavaria to the Tyrol, and by way of the Brenner to Italy, he is incessantly on the alert, taking notes on institutions, customs, persons, and things—in short, on the very life and spirit of the communities he visits; he even does not shirk recording his impressions of local dainties tasted by the way: "[At Lindau] they serve with the meat cooked plums and slices of apples and pears, sometimes putting the roast first and the soup last, and sometimes reversing this order" (I., 108). The German practice of compote with roast is apparently no new thing. Montaigne has a tolerant palate for the uncanny, and harbors no suspicion of foreign cooks

"Who serve up death in soups and fricassees."

Surely, in a middle-aged sufferer on his way to medicinal springs, such generosity of appreciation is, to say the least, uncommon. And the humorous interest with which he accepts changes in rooms or beds is quite in keeping with his prevailing mood:

"In France, indeed, it would be deemed an intolerable nuisance to find nothing wherewith to close the window openings but wooden shutters. With this one exception my bedchamber [at Lucca] was well found, though their beds are wretched little trestles, upon which they place pieces of wood, fashioned according to the length

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and breadth of the bed, a palliasse being laid on these, and a mattress over all. Then you may sleep well enough if only you have hangings. . . . They are comfortable to lie in, and you are safe from bugs" (III., 51).

Scenery for its own sake, as might well be expected, occupies a secondary place in Montaigne's observations; still, it is worth while contrasting his sketchy description of the trip over the Brenner with Addison's record, one hundred and twenty years later, of what he calls "Mount Cennis." The French traveller needs no help from Silius Italicus.

In graver mood, the humane philosopher adopts the strain of reflective solemnity of his best days:

"M. de Montaigne affirmed that he could now see nothing more of Rome than the sky under which it lay and the area of its site; that all the knowledge he possessed thereof was of an abstract and contemplative nature, a knowledge in no way to be apprehended by the operation of the senses; that those who affirmed that they might at least behold the ruins of Rome affirmed too much. The ruins of a mechanism of such terrible power suggested to his own mind reverence and respect rather than comprehension. What he saw was nought but a sepulchre. The world, resentful at her long domination, first broke and shattered all the portions of this marvellous whole, and then, horror-stricken at this spectacle of death, ruin, and disfigurement, entombed the ruins themselves. As to these minor indications of her overthrow which yet lie upon her bier, they have been preserved by fate as a testimony to that immeasurable greatness which all these centuries, all these conflagrations, all these repeated alliances of the powers of the world, have failed to destroy entirely" (II., 95).

To read such noble lines as these is to deepen one's reverence for a mind that so truly felt the past, and to be gratified that his thoughts have lost nothing through their passage into another tongue.

Records and Reminiscences. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. 624.

There is a certain restaurant in Paris, noted for the cooking of ducks, where the duck is cooked on the table and the carcass squeezed in a press in order to extract a supposititious subtlety of flavor. The traveller who has indulged in this luxury returns to his hotel with a pleasing sense of certainty that he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the best side of Paris life—the inside, as it were. We imagine that Lord Ronald Gower must have dined at this restaurant and there been inspired with the admirable idea of squeezing out the best parts of 'My Reminiscences,' published twenty years ago, and of 'Old Diaries,' published last year, and thereby compounding the present 'Records and Reminiscences.' This looks like an attempt to apply the doctrine of evolution to literature, and, as such, is worth investigation.

In reviewing 'Old Diaries' last year we paid Lord Ronald the compliment of comparing him in certain respects to Horace Walpole, but at the same time we pointed out the fact that he seemed to take no interest whatever in political, social, literary, or economic questions, and that he confined his observations almost entirely to the hotels he lived in and the distinguished people he met. Finding that the present eclectic volume is open to the same objections, we venture to suggest that Lord Ronald hire a competent person to aid him in further and more scientific applications of the Spencerian theory. By this method he might produce a new volume every year, and the present six hundred pages would grow small by degrees and beautifully less in quantity, but constantly gain in quality, until they resolved themselves into a really valuable pamphlet, about the length of the average fashionable sermon.

With this idea in mind, we would hazard a few suggestions for next year's edition. To begin with, Lord Ronald had better omit the account of his mother's beauty, lest some rude person should remind him of Talleyrand's "C'était donc votre père qui n'était pas si bien." He might also omit quotations from Lord Beaconsfield's novels, which can still be obtained from the circulating libraries by those who really need them. Then, again, the family history might be curtailed with much advantage. Lord Ronald should certainly omit the several occasions on which he has been mistaken for a woman, because the note of effeminacy is sufficiently clear without them. Then, the extracts or adaptations from guide-books might be largely cut down, as also the interviews with celebrated people, in regard to which he naïvely remarks that they would be very interesting if he could only remember what the conversations had been about! The adoption of these suggestions would probably reduce the six hundred pages by half, but there would still be plenty of room for the operations of 1905; and we feel confident that Lord Ronald's literary reputation would be enhanced in the direct ratio of the reduction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aiken, Henry. The National Sports of Great Britain. New ed. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Barrett, Joseph H. Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency. 2 vols. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $5 net, postage 38 cents.
Conwell, Russell H. The New Day, or Fresh Opportunities. Philadelphia: The Griffith and Rowland Press.
Crawford John N. Chats on Writers and Books. 2 vols. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel Co. Limited ed. $5 net; trade ed., $2.50 net.
Dole, Charles F. From Agnosticism to Theism. Boston: James H. West Co. Cloth 25 cents, paper 10 cents.
Eliot's Logic Primer, reprinted from original of 1672, with introduction by Wilberforce Eames. Limited ed. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co. $6 net.
Garnett, Lucy M. J. Turkish Life in Town and Country. (Our European Neighbors Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.
George Fox's Autobiography. Edited and abridged by Rufus M. Jones. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $4 net, postpaid.
Hatch, Louis Clinton. The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army. (Vol. X., Harvard Historical Studies.) Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Homer's Iliad. Books I.-III. Introduction, commentary, and vocabulary by Thomas D. Seymour. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Lafargue, Paul. The Sale of an Appetite. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
Madan, Falconer. A Chart of Oxford Printing, 1468-1900. Presentation edition. Oxford: Printed at the University Press for Henry Frowde.
Meyer, Alfred Gotthold. Donatello. Translated by P. G. Konody. (Monographs on Artists.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Moore, Edward. Studies in Dante. Third series. Miscellaneous Essays. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $3.50.
Morey, William C. Outlines of Greek History. American Book Co.
Muir, Henry D. Frog Hollow Post-Bag. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Two Sides of the Face. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Réville, Jean. Liberal Christianity. Translated by Victor Leuliette. (Vol. IV. of Crown Theological Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Roberts, James. The Grant and Validity of British Patents for Inventions. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Sandeau's Mademoiselle de la Seiglière, with introduction by Elizabeth M. White. American Book Co.
Shakspere's As You Like It. Edited by William J. Rolfe. Revised edition. American Book Co.
Shakspere's Merchant of Venice. Edited by Felix E. Schelling. (Gateway Series.) American Book Co.
Sime, David. Rabies. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Skinner, Hubert M. The Story of the Britons. Chicago and New York: A. Flanagan Co. 75 cents.
Sterling, George. The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems. San Francisco: W. E. Wood.
Syms, L. C. First French Reader. American Book Co.
The Mirrour of Justices. (William Hughes's translation.) Introduction by William C. Robinson. Washington: John Byrne & Co.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. IX., 1593-1597. Cleveland (O.): The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.
The Poultry Book. Part VIII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.
Thoughts from Browning. (Selections.) Edited by Ann Bachelor. Boston: James H. Earle & Co. 75 cents.
Tolstoy, Leo. Sevastopol, and Other Military Tales. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Woodhull, Alfred A. Military Hygiene. Third ed., rewritten. John Wiley & Sons.

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